

ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER: NINE PAGES OF PICTURES

The Daily Mirror 24

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One Penny.



LONG LIFE AND HAPPINESS!



The Duke of York laughingly submitting to the bombardment of rose petals showered by his royal brothers on himself and his bride as they left Buckingham Palace for their honeymoon yesterday. The Duchess is acknowledging good wishes

voiced by a host of friends as they wave a happy farewell. The drive to Waterloo afforded a splendid opportunity of seeing the royal pair for this journey alone was made in an open carriage.

HONEYMOON SHOWER OF ROSE-PETALS FOR DUKE AND HIS WIFE

**Merry Pelting by Princes
as Palace Send-Off.**

OLD SHOES MASCOT.

**South London Children Act as
Farewell "Bodyguard."**

A pair of old shoes!

As a happy climax to the day's pageantry there was the warm-hearted, old-fashioned, human touch about the departure from Waterloo of the Duke and Duchess of York for their honeymoon.

They drove away from Buckingham Palace almost blotted out by a long bombardment of confetti, silver slippers and rose petals from the King and Queen, the Princes, Princess Mary and other members of the Royal Family and the bridesmaids.

Children, particularly, took a big share in London's farewell to the Duke and Duchess, who were beaming with happiness. They ran alongside the bridal carriage and led the unending cheers of the multitude which packed the route.

And—finally—the traditional marriage mascots went with them in the train to Polesden Lacey—a pair of old shoes!

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

**Duke's Brotherly Fist Threat When
Prince George Hit His Cheek.**

It was shortly after four o'clock that the Duke and Duchess of York left Buckingham Palace to catch the train en route for their Surrey honeymoon home.

They were given a boisterous send-off, as they drove away in an open carriage drawn by four grey horses with postillions in blue and out-riders in scarlet.

The Prince of Wales, in Welsh Guards uniform, Prince Henry, in that of the Hussars, and Prince George, in naval dress, came out bareheaded into the Forecourt and took up positions by the side of the exit arch armed with handfuls of confetti.

The King saw the young couple off from the Grand Hall, and the bride and bridegroom were laughing very heartily at the fusillade of confetti and silver slippers showered upon them from their relatives and many friends.

They expected the bombardment from the three Princes and ducked to avoid it, but they were only partly successful. The Prince of Wales was particularly delighted at having "got home" on them.

A BULL'S EYE.

As the carriage moved off under the main arch the Queen, Princess Mary and Princess Victoria came out on the balcony above and showered rose petals down on the happy pair.

This was not all. The Duke of Connaught and the bridesmaids with rose petal "ammunition" also proceeded to the archway and they, too, strenuously pelted the Duke and Duchess.

Prince George, still not content, rolled his bag of petals into a ball and, with well-directed aim, caught the Duke well on the side of the face.

The Duke smiled and shook his fist at his brother.

The Duchess of York, whose face was wreathed in smiles, was attired in a pale mole coat, with brown hat and mole-coloured ostrich feather, and a magnificent rope of pearls was clasped around her neck.

The Duke, who looked wonderfully happy, wore a dark blue overcoat over a grey tweed suit, holding a bowler hat in his hand as he bowed acknowledgment to the vast concourse of spectators outside the Palace.

The Queen and the Princesses were seen waving a fond adieu as the carriage wheeled into the Mall. It was preceded by policemen mounted on white horses and escorted by Life Guards, and the Duke and Duchess made a triumphant progress towards Waterloo to the accompaniment of a running fire of cheers from a great crowd which packed the route.

SUN'S GOLDEN PATHWAY.

**April Smiles on Happy Pair as They
Leave on Their Honeymoon.**

Never did bride and bridegroom depart on their honeymoon looking more rapturously happy than the Duke and Duchess of York.

The festive April sunshine, which burst out in all its glory at the precise moment of their wedding service in the Abbey, shed a golden pathway upon the scarlet carpet which led across the platform at Waterloo to their travelling saloon.

The platform, banked with hydrangeas, had been shrouded in comparative gloom, and the thousands—90 per cent. of whom were poor South London women and children—had begun to tire with their long wait.

Then the sun came out, and the Life Guards, in all their glitter and polish, cantered by, followed immediately by the bride and bridegroom—in an open carriage.

(Continued in column 2.)



Prince Henry (right) joining in the bombardment of his brother with rose petals.

WHITE ROSE ARBOUR

**Beautiful Floral Decorations
of the Honeymoon Saloon.
ENGINE DRIVER'S PRIDE.**

(Continued from column 1.)

This was the one thing that impressed South Londoners. An open carriage—on such a day!

Southwark and Lambeth yelled their delight in a way that brought blushes to the young bride and bridegroom.

Probably nothing in the course of the great eventful day gave them so much pleasure as the welcome they received in York-road.

The crowd surged into the roadway, notwithstanding the efforts of a strong force of police, and as the carriage drove slowly along scores of children ran beside it, waving their hats and shouting vociferously.

Still more children, perched on walls, added their shrill cries of greeting as the Duke and Duchess entered the station.

There was no ceremony about the "going away." Sir Hugh Drummond (the chairman of the company) Sir Herbert Walker (the general manager) and other officials of the railway company received the royal couple.

The Duke, blushing again, brushed from his coat the rose leaves with which he and his bride had been pelted and escorted his wife to the saloon, which was attached to the ordinary local train.

It was literally a fragrant arbour of white York roses and white heather, upholstered in blue and old gold brocade.

The "special" was driven by Driver A. J. Wiggs.

"I have been the stoker on a royal train several times," he told *The Daily Mirror*, "but this is the first time I have been in charge, and—well, I am very proud."

After Wing-Commander Greig (the Duke's Comptroller) had said good-bye the Duke and Duchess stepped into their compartment.

Then, as the train drew out of the station, a farewell ringing cheer almost raised the roof, and the last that London saw of the Duke and his bride was their two happy faces, smiling acknowledgments to the thousands who—in the name of millions more—bade them God-speed and good luck.

VILLAGERS' WELCOME.

**Duke and Duchess Reach Journey's
End in Tornado of Cheers.**

Great Bookham, the picturesque village in Surrey where the Duke and Duchess left the train to motor to Polesden Lacey, was aglow with flags and bunting from end to end and the bridal car passed beneath a triumphal arch.

Immediately opposite the church were gathered boys, scouts, girl guides and a number of tiny children carrying artificial white roses and miniature Union Jacks.

As soon as the royal honeymoon couple arrived the church bells were rung. As the Duke and his bride drove up the narrow village street a tornado of cheers went forth from thousands of people who had assembled from all parts of Surrey.

Mr. David McFarlane, the chairman of the local council, and other well-known residents were present at the presentation of a bouquet of red roses tied with Scotch plaid ribbon to the Duchess by Miss McFarlane and an address of welcome to the Duke from the council.

Neither the Duke nor the Duchess left the car, but both acknowledged in a few words the heartiness of their reception.

Those who people pressed forward in an attempt to shake the Duke by the hand—one man did succeed in doing so—the car drove slowly away to Polesden Lacey.

Three hundred schoolchildren of the village are to be entertained to a tea party to-day in celebration of the happy event.

CUP-TIE NUMBER.

To-morrow's issue of *"The Daily Mirror"* will be a Cup-Tie Number containing pages of special pictures which will interest every lover of football.

In Monday's *"Daily Mirror"* will appear all the best photographs of the actual play and scenes in the great match at Wembley Stadium to-morrow.

Orders for both issues should be placed to-day.

THREE PROUD GIRLS.

**Shop Assistants Who Were
Invited to the Abbey.
DELIGHTED "ENVOYS."**

Three proud girls—representing the women shop assistants of the country—were among the guests at the Abbey yesterday, three tickets having been sent to the Early Closing Association, of which the Duke of York is a patron.

"I am a very ordinary little person, but a very happy one," said Miss Edith Gairns, a draper's assistant, of Harlesden, on alighting with her companion from a motor-car at the Abbey.

"I also am delighted, and feel very much honoured," exclaimed Miss Laye, an Ilford milliner.

Miss Hilda Broadbridge, of Stoke Newington, said: "I am just beginning to realise my good fortune. It is a wonderful chance, and I've been counting every minute for the day to come."

At the Duke of York's own request places were also found for boys from industrial centres throughout England.

Freeman, the huntsman of the Pychley Pack, invited by the Duke, was present in hunting pink.

CUTTING THE CAKE.

**Bride Releases Pure Gold Charms
with Silver Knife.**

During the reception at Buckingham Palace the bride cut the wedding cake with a specially fashioned silver knife, of which the handle was formed by a Strathmore "Lyon."

A separate wedge had been fitted into the wonderful nine-foot structure, attached by sugar icing, and the Duchess of York freed it with the knife and withdrew it by means of an attached broad satin ribbon.

Seven pure gold charms were embedded in the wedge, and there was great hilarity over the finding of these as the piece of cake was subdivided and distributed.

Equally delighted were the finders of the "lucky horseshoe," the thimble, the gold three-penny piece, the slipper, the golden goose, or the egg.

The wedding breakfast was attended by 123 guests. There were no speeches, but the King raised his glass and wished "Long life, health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom."

WEDDING POINTS.

8,000 Chairs—Glamis Bonfire—Strathmore Employees' Festivities.

L.C.C. school children had a holiday. Eight thousand chairs were ranged along the line of route in the parks.

Sandwiches were carried by many. Many of those sitting in the rain kept their feet warm by thick wads of newspapers.

The Earl of Strathmore entertained the whole of his employees on Wemmerville Estate in Upper Teesdale.

Glamis celebrations included a bonfire seen all over the valley of Strathmore.

"Good luck and long life" was the wire sent to the Duke by Southend ex-Service men.

The Duke and Duchess are expected to take up residence in White Lodge about the middle of July.

LONDON'S REVELS.

**Brilliant Wedding Galas at West End
Hotels—Savoy Rose Bowers.**

Fifteen hundred people attended the royal wedding night festivities at the Savoy Hotel, where the principal rooms had been transformed into rose bowers, 7,000 blooms from Preston Hall, Kent, made by disabled soldiers, being used in the decoration scheme.

The most brilliant social function in London was at Claridge's. The Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston entertained a large party at the gala dinner, including the Prince of Wales. Other parties were given by the Duchess of Portland and Lord Cadogan.

At the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, guests at a special lunch provided were able to view the royal procession, and at night there was a gala dinner and ball.

SEARCH FOR 237 SOULS AT SEA.

**Steamer Seeks Two Days
for Drifting Boats.**

S.O.S. RUSH.

**Mystery of an Abandoned
Mail Steamer.**

No sign has yet been found of the 237 missing passengers and crew of the Portuguese mail steamer Mossamedes, which was found abandoned on Wednesday morning at Cape Frio, South-West Africa.

An S.O.S. from the Mossamedes was picked up on Tuesday morning by the cargo steamer Port Victor. She rushed to the spot, 230 miles away, and arrived there on Wednesday morning to find the Mossamedes aground with a ladder hanging over the stern. The Mossamedes is a vessel of 4,600 tons. She was bound for Lisbon from Capetown, and had 133 passengers, and a crew of thirty-nine on board. There were twenty-nine women and thirty-five children.

Last night it was reported that the Port Victor was abandoning the search. The British gunboat Dwarf is on the way to look for some boats.

HEAVY SEAS RUNNING.

**German Steamer May Be Sent to
Help in the Search.**

CAPE TOWN, Thursday.

There has been a sensational sequel to the stranding of the Portuguese mail steamer Mossamedes, which went ashore at Cape Frio.

News has come to hand at Capetown that when the Commonwealth Dominions liner Port Victor, which had been summoned by wireless, reached the stranded vessel, she found her abandoned and no sign of the 237 souls on board. So far no boats have been picked up. The Port Victor is abandoning the search. The British gunboat Dwarf is on the way to Cape Frio hoping she may pick up some boats.

If necessary, the German steamer Urdul, which is sailing at Walvis, Walvis Bay, will assist in the search.

Owing to the fact that there are no landing places in the neighbourhood of Cape Frio, and that a heavy sea is running, grave anxiety exists as to the safety of the boats.

The Mossamedes passengers include twenty-nine women and thirty-five children.

Two of the passengers are British and the remainder Portuguese.—Reuter.

NINE MINERS KILLED.

**Twenty Injured in Pit Trams Crash
in South Wales.**

The third fatal colliery accident in five days occurred yesterday at Trimsaran, near Llanelli.

After completing the morning shift 120 men were being taken to the surface in trams when the shackle broke, hurling the trams to the bottom of the pit.

Seven were killed outright and over 20 injured, of whom two died on the way to hospital. It is feared that the deaths may be increased.

Doctors and nurses were hurried to the scene. The names of the dead are: William Jenkins, under-manager, married, with four children, Thomas Williams, Sidney Williams, Thomas Johns (all of whom are married), William John Reece, William Rogers, Arthur John Davies (single men), Albert Probert and Harold Parry (boys).

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind N.W.; squally; mainly fair. Lighting-up time 9.13 p.m.

The Prince of Wales will leave Victoria for his visit to the King and Queen of the Belgians at 11.20 to-day.

If you want to know the weather forecast, any telephone exchange will tell you after 5 p.m. from May 1, says the Post Office.

Ex-M.P. Dead.—Sir Alphons Cleonhas Morton, ex-M.P. for Peterborough and Sutherland shires, died yesterday at Clapham.

Crypt Christening.—The infant son of Dr. Thomas Watts, M.P., was christened in the House of Commons Crypt yesterday.

Prayer Book Revision.—The House of Laity decided yesterday to give "general approval" to the measure for Prayer Book revision.

New R.A.—Mr. Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., painter, was yesterday elected R.A. Mr. W. G. de Gléin and Mr. G. S. Watson were elected A.R.s.

"Such is life," said John Wilson, seventy-four, sentenced at Oldham to seven years for housebreaking. He added that he drove the judge's carriage at Manchester in 1876.

*** * * The Marchioness Townshend will to-day, at 3 p.m., open the dress parade at "The Daily Mirror" International Fashion Fair at Holland Park Hall. See page 22.**

STATELY ABBEY SCENE AT DUKE OF YORK'S WEDDING

Dignity of Princess Bestowed on Lady Elizabeth Prior to Her Marriage.

BOUQUET LAID ON UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S TOMB

Bride's Tender Homage on Way to High Altar—Pageant of Surpassing Loveliness.

With stately ceremonial and in a setting of wonderful beauty and brilliancy, the Duke of York was married in Westminster Abbey yesterday to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

A huge congregation of 3,000 people, representing every phase of society, thronged the Abbey. The climax of splendour was reached by the entry of the royal processions—those of the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra and other royalties.

Last of all came the bride and her bridesmaids, forming a lovely group. A touching incident that spoke eloquently to all hearts then took place. As the bride passed up the nave she, with a spontaneous movement, released her father's arm and tenderly placed her bouquet on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

The King, it was learned authoritatively yesterday, has bestowed on the Duchess of York the dignity of Princess. This decision was arrived at on Wednesday night, and an official announcement is expected at an early date.

By her marriage the title of "Her Royal Highness" passed to the bride automatically. She gains separate precedence at Court as the "fourth lady of the land."

BRILLIANT SCARLET AND GOLD SETTING.

Sun Crowns Archbishop's Wish of "Good Luck."

BRIDE'S HAPPY SMILE.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

As we are continually being told, all the world loves a lover.

It likes, for that reason, to feel sure that the princes and the princesses to be who marry are really and truly lovers, and are not merely being united in matrimony as a political expedient; and all the circumstances of this marriage give us that assurance.

When, somewhere about 250 years ago, a previous Duke of York married an earl's daughter, not of royal birth, the romantic marriage, which turned out so happily, was a secret wedding. It had to be: for neither bride nor bridegroom knew beforehand whether the King—King Charles II. of merry memory—would smile or frown on the proceedings.

The bride's father, indeed—the Earl of Clarendon—denounced his daughter, the Lady Anne Hyde, as a transgressor against the divinity which hedges kings.

It was left for the Sovereign himself to calm his indignation, saying that there was no need whatever for all this to-do; and that he was delighted to welcome so charming and gracious a lady into the circle of the royal family.

This did the House of Stuart set a precedent for the House of Windsor; a precedent happily followed, yesterday, when our own Duke of York was united to another earl's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

APPEAL TO EAR AND EYE.

The occasion found King and people in agreement that nothing is more right and proper than for a king's son to seek his wife among the king's subjects; and the instinct which prompts that view is beyond question a sound one.

The marriage, that is to say, can, without any straining of language, be spoken of as a romantic marriage; and the pageantry which attends it, therefore, is more than ordinarily appropriate.

For pageantry is symbolism; and it is well that it should, on these solemn and romantic occasions, by its appeal to ear and eye, recall the romantic memories of some of us, and stimulate others to dream day dreams of romantic experiences which the future holds in store for them.

So we have been given our pageant; and the value that we set upon it is attested by the way in which we mass ourselves, at an early hour, to wait for it.

As one approaches the Abbey, and long before one reaches it, one sees, in every street, a stream of people all flowing towards Westminster.

The weather is doubtful. It is not raining now; but it was raining a little while ago, and it may begin to rain again at any moment.

But the sightseers have taken their measures. Their hats and their general attire were not exactly what they would have been had the glass been standing at "Set fair" and the sun doing itself justice; but it was quite clear that every man, woman and child among them would rather face the elements than miss the spectacle.

Within the Abbey, where places are taken long before the ceremony begins, the spectators, of course—or a good many of them, at any rate—are themselves a part of the pageant.

PAGEANT OF COLOUR.

One looks up upon military uniforms, naval uniforms, Air Force uniforms and those uniforms of the diplomatic service which one sees less often. One sees scarlet and blue, and black and gold lace, and silver lace, with here and there a touch of khaki to recall the war, and tall boy scouts in their shorts, reminding us that, in this twentieth century, youth has come into its own.

Fair necks are festooned with ropes of pearls which must have cost a fortune; and many of the hats—especially those in the vicinity of the uniforms—are veritable triumphs of the milliner's art.

Not all of them, indeed; for the royal invitation has not been confined to the titled and the wealthy.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOTE.

One sees, as one looks round, a fair sprinkling of ladies whose circumstances do not allow them to evince their loyalty by the splendour of their headgear, and one rejoices in that compliment paid, in this democratic time, to a distinction more real than either wealth or extravagance can bestow.

But one also rejoices that ladies whose rank or other claims brought them into the most prominent positions were, indeed, dressed so as to dazzle.

So one's thoughts run, and such is the feast provided for the eye while the preliminary selection is being played on the organ: a suite by Purcell, an Andante Finale from a sonata by Basil Harwood, a minuet by Handel, and Saint Saens' "Benediction Nuptiale." French music that, reminding us that we are faithful to the alliance, and confident that our Allies are thinking of us and sympathise with us to-day.

And then there is "noise without." The joy peals of the bells are competing with the organ music. We know that the various royal processions are now arriving—punctually, for punctuality is the politeness of kings, and everything has been rehearsed, so that there should be no hitch, and, in another moment—to the strains, this time, of Elgar's "Bridal March"—these processions are to be seen passing through the Abbey.

First come the ecclesiastical processions—the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London and the Primus of Scotland pass from the Jerusalem Chamber to the

(Continued on page 23.)



The Duke and Duchess of York on their way to Waterloo for the honeymoon journey.

DUCHESS THROWS A KISS FROM PALACE BALCONY.

Smiling Couple Bow Their Thanks to Crowd.

TORNADO OF CHEERS.

A few minutes after the bride and bridegroom had passed into the Palace on their return from the Abbey the French windows over the central archway were thrown open, and amidst a tornado of cheering the Duke stepped on to the balcony.

He turned, and, giving his hand to his bride, helped her to step from the window seat and take her place on his right.

Then the King and Queen appeared, followed by Queen Alexandra, the Dowager Empress of Russia, Princess Victoria, the Princess Royal and Princess Maud.

The volume of cheering swelled, and when the King and Queen and the other members of the Royal Family had withdrawn, leaving the bride and bridegroom alone again, there was much shouting of messages of goodwill.

For a moment the Duke and Duchess stood, bowing their thanks. Then as they turned to go the smiling Duke kissed her hand to the crowd. The Duke waved, and they passed inside.

"NEW LIFE AND AMBITION."

Archbishop's Moving Address to the Duke and His "Dear Bride."

The warm and generous heart of this people takes you to-day into itself. Will you not, in response, take that heart with all its joys and sorrows into your own?

With these words the Archbishop of York prefaced the most striking passages in his eloquent address to the newly-wedded couple at Westminster Abbey. Turning to the Duke, he continued:—

"You, sir, have already given many proofs of your care for the welfare of our working people. You have made yourself at home in their mines and shipyards and factories. . . . You have done much to show your own sense, and to increase the public sense, of the honour and dignity of labour."

Then to the Duchess Dr. Lang said:—

"And you, dear bride, in your old Scottish home have grown up from childhood among country folk, and friendship with them has been your native air."

"You will have a great ambition to make this one life now given you something rich and true and beautiful," was another striking passage.

WHEN THE CROWD LAUGHED.

Comedy Along the Route—Mother's Kiss for Policeman.

Some of the things the crowd in Whitehall and the Mall smiled at yesterday were:—

Women who had taken up positions which obstructed the views from the buildings being lifted down by muscular policemen.

A grateful mother kissing the embarrassed policeman who had helped her child to get a good view.

The misfortune of a mounted official who lost the white plume from his hat.

Other points noted along the route were:—Despite the early morning bad weather all but a few of the women spectators turned out in their "best clothes."

Early in the morning two young women, seated in the front of a motor, took up positions on the edge of the road itself in Whitehall, but their ardour was quenched by the mud-bath thrown up by the first passing omnibus.

"GOOD LUCK" WISH.

Belfast yesterday entertained 8,000 poor children, the Duke of York having sent £500.

A message was wired wishing the bridal pair long life and happiness, to which the Duke replied, wishing them "a jolly afternoon and a good luck."

WOMEN'S HEARTS WON BY RADIANT BRIDE.

Fairy-Book Idyll Which All Came True.

"HAPPILY EVER AFTER."

Wedded Couple's Smile of Joy at Crowd's Homage.

By PHILLIDA.

That indescribable "something" which, at the sight of an awning and a red carpet, makes us pause and linger by the doors of the humblest church in the humblest town, drew us yesterday to Westminster.

Only a woman can derive a solid hour's enjoyment out of somebody else's wedding.

"And so the good Prince was married and they both lived happily ever after." The words danced in our heads as we waited. The bells seemed to ring them, the drums to flutter them, and the swarms of uninvited guests it was the favourite fairy story of all come true.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SMILE.

Crimson-cloaked Guards going by with a jingle, the distant roar of cheers, wedding bells and the stirring notes of the National Anthem caught and steadied our wandering attention.

Queen Alexandra! The whisper went round, and a special cheer rose loud and long for the sweet-faced woman cloaked in ermine who smiled and waved a gloved hand.

More crimson-cloaked riders, and then the King and Queen.

How serious and lovely the Queen looked, dressed as befits a fairy-book Queen in silver and ermine, with a swathed silver turban on her silvery hair.

The King, in admiral's uniform, and, opposite, a merry, brown-faced boy also in naval uniform—Prince George.

Deafening cheers! The bridegroom's carriage is sighted. How serious he looked and handsome in his uniform of Air Force blue.

ALMOST ETHERAL BRIDE.

Beside him sat his elder brother and best man, the Prince of Wales. Opposite them Prince Henry, trim and alert, in Hussar uniform.

A pause, and then the biggest thrill of all. The bride's carriage is approaching.

Such a sweet, composed little bride, leaning forward in her seat and smiling seriously. Her lace veil so prettily draped about her head, leaving the face uncovered, the bare arms with their tiny Victorian sleeves, the dainty satin-slipped feet.

She looked almost ethereal, just a trail of white and silver as she passed into the dim vastness of the Abbey, attended by her maids, who surrounded her like a sea-anemone, all white and green, with white flowers in their hair.

Then a long, long wait, until once again the huge gold carriage swung into view.

Slightly awed, but with a quiet happiness shining in their eyes—the Duke and his bride came into the sunshine, seeming as they passed to take a little of it with them.

DUKE'S LONG COURTSHIP.

Devoted Suitor for Two or Three Years, Says Lord Strathmore.

That the Duke of York's courtship had lasted two or three years was revealed in a letter from the Earl of Strathmore received yesterday by a Bath resident.

In acknowledging congratulations the Earl wrote: "His Royal Highness has a high sense of duty, and is a fine type of the young Englishman, and has been a devoted suitor for two or three years."

NEWSPAPER ACHIEVEMENT.

How Distant "Daily Mirror" Readers Saw the Wedding Pictures.

To-day's issue of *The Daily Mirror* marks a magnificent achievement in picture journalism.

In a period of four hours—between 11.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.—this journal yesterday succeeded in providing for its readers, even in remote Ireland and Scotland, no fewer than 82 pages of pictures illustrating every phase of the Royal Wedding.

When it is realised that the marriage did not take place until shortly before noon, and that the many photographs shown to-day had to go through numerous processes, all involving hours of delicate, high-speed work, the idea of the magnitude of the feat is obtained.

It is certain that no other daily picture paper ever provided its readers with such a superb pictorial souvenir of an historic occasion within such a short space of time.

3,000 CASUALTIES IN CROWD.

No fewer than 3,000 casualties, it was officially estimated last night, were dealt with at the twenty-five St. John Ambulance stations along the wedding route and in the Abbey.



"Good for Me - good for You!"

TESTIMONY

My baby was three months old when he became very constipated. Nothing did him any good until I tried "Cristolax." The results were most satisfactory, and I shall recommend it to everyone.

E. T., Rogerston, South Wales.

My little girl Margaret suffered from constipation very badly and no aperient seemed to have any effect. My doctor advised "Cristolax" and after a few doses the constipation was quite cured and her complexion, from being indifferent, is now really beautiful.

G. B., Finchley, N.

For two years I had to take liquid paraffin in consequence of an attack of colitis. I have now substituted "Cristolax," which is pleasanter to take, more convenient when travelling and very satisfactory in its results.

W. L. B. S., St. Pancras, N.

OLD-FASHIONED purgatives and laxatives are entirely unsuitable for a baby or young child. They are violent and painful in their action, injurious to the delicate internal organs and are habit-forming. They are usually unpleasant to take and are administered with difficulty.

"Cristolax" is the ideal corrective for constipation in children. A unique combination of the purest medicinal paraffin with "Wander" dry malt extract, it acts gently but surely and without griping or purging. It forms no habit, possesses valuable nutrient and digestive properties and is easily administered because of its delightful flavour.

For babies who are bottle-fed "Cristolax" should be added to several of the milk-feeds, while breast-fed babies may be given the product dissolved in a little water. The feeds are made more easily digestible, their food value is increased, and the formation of hard, indigestible clots is prevented.

Children take it with avidity because of its pleasant sugar-candy flavour. To ensure regular bowel movement and freedom from constipation one or two teaspoonfuls should be given to children daily.

"Cristolax" is not only good for children; it is equally good for invalids and the aged. Because of its mild yet efficacious action, it is largely prescribed by doctors throughout the British Empire.

'CRISTOLAX'
BRAND
MALT EXTRACT WITH PARAFFIN
Lubricant-Laxative-Nutrient-Digestive

Prepared by the manufacturers of "Oralline," A. Wawter, Ltd., 45, Cowcross St., E.C.1, and sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire. Price in Great Britain 2/6 per large bottle.

TESTIMONY

My little son, aged 3 years, has derived very great benefit from "Cristolax." He was recovering from a bad illness. In one week a regular action of the bowels was established, and he has put on flesh as rapidly as he lost it when ill.

E. D., Willesden, N.W.

Our baby boy could easily be called the "Cristolax" Baby, for he had some of this in nearly every bottle until 12 months old, and still has it. He is just the picture of health and mischief.

L. M., Hemel Hempstead.

My baby is just nine months old and has had "Cristolax" since she was seven weeks. I have had no trouble with her digestion since, and she cut her teeth without any trouble.

G. M. S., Baldock.

We regard "Cristolax" as an unique preparation in that the children enjoy taking it and that it possesses no deleterious after-effects.

L. R. B. P., Stamford Hill, N.

GREAT CROWD'S WEDDING MORN GREETING TO THE ROYAL BRIDE



A huge crowd in Bruton-street watched the bride leave her father's house, and some rushed forward as the horses started to get a closer view.



The Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon and her little daughter, Anne Ferelith, leaving Lord Strathmore's house in Bruton-street.



One woman in the crowd tried to use her mirror as a periscope—but with little success, it is feared.



A tea hawker who did a brisk trade in the crowd—especially before the rain stopped.



Newspapers served this good lady well as extra waterproofs—and she was able to read them while she waited.



The Nil Simile girl in a shop window is the symbol of a conscientious and expert Shoe Fitter.



Footnotes

by the Nil Simile Girl

"Such different notes make all thy harmony"

Your shoes should harmonise with your costume. It is a mistake to try to make them match in colour. It is better to get them to tone, for if they tone they will make a harmony. "Lighter or darker of tinge or dye" doesn't matter—if they tone.

Nil Simile shoes are an harmonious whole; soft uppers, flexible soles, snug toes, smart heels, stylishly designed and beautifully made.

They differ in detail. They are all alike in being different from other shoes.

Nil Simile

THE DIFFERENT SHOE

Nil SIMILE Agents are in most towns throughout the kingdom. A delightful brochure on Nil Simile and Aristé Shoes, with address of nearest Agent post free on request. D. HENDERSON & SONS, LEICESTER.

Fixed Price

Nil Simile Style No. S191

A charming Oxford shoe in Nigger Brown Suede Kid—most comfortable of leathers. The smart semi-Louis heel extends under and supports the arch of the foot. Sizes and half-sizes 3-7.

22/6

Nil Simile Style No. S138

An extremely smart chrome Patent Oxford shoe. Can be worn in good taste with any dress. Semi-Louis heel as above. Sizes and half-sizes 21-7.

22/6



Five Bonnie Glaxo Girls —all in one family!

Less than two weeks ago their Mother wrote to us as follows:

Dear Sirs—"I am sending you a photograph of our five little daughters. I thought it might interest you to know they have been reared on Glaxo. When the eldest was three months old I had no experience of children, and owing to my ill-health at that time I had to stop nursing baby, and my doctor recommended me to give baby Glaxo, which I did.

"She took to it at once without any trouble. I saw a decided improvement in her and so kept her on Glaxo entirely for nine months (when she was often taken to be eighteen months). Although she was a big child she walked at ten months and cut her teeth without any trouble.

"After this I had every confidence in Glaxo, and used it for each of the children after with the same result. There is not a delicate one amongst them—they have firm, straight limbs, with good, clear complexions, and are very intelligent. They each walked at ten months naturally, without any encouragement on my part. In photograph:—JEAN is the eldest, aged eight years, MAIDA is seven years, DIANA is five years, LOIS is four years, and CORA is twelve months.

"The children have been a perfect pleasure to me to rear, as I have never had any trouble with their general health, which in my heart I have always attributed to the use of Glaxo."

Signed—(Mrs.) D. H.

The Proof of the Food is the Babies it Builds

Glaxo

The Super-Milk

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Chemists' and Grocers'—7/6 : 4/6 : 2/6 : 1/6—in airtight sealed tins (See that the inner lid is intact at time of purchase). Glaxo is an All-British product. It is British-owned and only British Labour is employed.

Take this first step to Happy Motherhood
Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) for the 156-page Glaxo Baby Book

If you have a baby, or expect a baby, you cannot afford to be without the Glaxo Baby Book. It is a perfect treasure-house of reliable information upon every phase of baby's life. To obtain as much knowledge of "mothercraft" as the 156-page Glaxo Baby Book will give you, you would have to buy several other books costing many shillings.

With the Glaxo Baby Book we will also send you, without extra charge, the following "mother-helps":—

1. A GLAXO WEIGHT CHART.
2. AN ILLUSTRATED LIST OF GLAXO BABY CLOTHING PATTERNS.
3. A copy of a special little book, written by a doctor and entitled "BEFORE BABY COMES."

And to Expectant Mothers only who state on the Coupon the month baby is due,

To GLAXO (Dept. 2) 56 Osunaburgh St., London, N.W.1

Enclose 1/- (P.O. or stamps). Please send me a copy of the 156-page GLAXO BABY BOOK, a GLAXO WEIGHT CHART, and an illustrated LIST of Glaxo Baby Clothing Patterns, as your offer in the Daily Mirror, April 27th, 1923.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

County.....

Please send me also "BEFORE BABY COMES"

I expect baby in.....(state month)

See the Glaxo Exhibit at Olympia (WOMAN'S EXHIBITION), Stand 82, Row C

a Royal Celebration

COME all you boys and girls, sing out the message of the wedding bells—wish them joy, wish them luck—and remember, if you can't have a grand wedding of your own, you can have some of that Super-Kreem Toffee father is bringing you to-night, as a special treat—quite enough joy and luck for any little boy and girl. Don't forget to remind father about it.

8d. per 4

Sold loose by weight, or in 4lb. decorated tins, also in 1/- and 1/6 tins.

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SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

now consists of six varieties—
Plain Home-made, Coconut,
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Look for the words
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Kreem" on the
paper wrapping
round every piece.

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., Creamy Works,
Maidstone.

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE



Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1923.

BRITAIN'S ACCLAIM.

NATION SHOWS ITS HIGH REGARD FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY.

OUR news pictures of yesterday's great pageant in London will be welcomed, we hope, by millions of our readers—whether they were able to watch the procession or not. In either case they will provide a lasting record of a very impressive ceremony.

In truth it was a typical British holiday, blessed by much brighter weather than had been anticipated.

Everything was done to set usually busy people free. And it is indeed remarkable what immense multitudes can escape from business on an occasion which makes it worth while for them to exercise a little ingenuity!

Thus every class in the nation, and many out of other lands, were represented on the route, or in the procession itself, yesterday.

Their Majesties will thus have another opportunity of estimating the very genuine affection with which the mass of the nation regards all that concerns their happiness.

The Monarchy stands firmly above the changes of party and faction in the State.

But the fact that it does not mingle in the strife of current controversy does not mean that it is aloof and remote from the everyday activities of the people.

On the contrary, the King and Queen take part in every movement that helps towards the progress of the nation. They have shared the common sorrows in the dark years just past. Therefore they get their reward in the nation's participation in their joys.

And what we say of them applies equally to the younger members of the Royal House.

The King's sons are recognised as true sportsmen who have taken their part in the amusements as well as the labours that make up the lives of the majority. The Duke of York is already a familiar and very popular figure amongst working men and lads. Now that he is married his many friends, known and unknown, will wish him a long and happy life of such useful work amongst all classes in the British Empire.

DOLES AND SERVANTS.

THE question of the unemployment of women has been raised in the House of Commons.

Already (it will be remembered) a Committee has been appointed to investigate this grave problem from one angle—that is, as regards the effect of the "dole" upon domestic service.

There is a huge, a vocal, an obvious demand for the labour of women in this particular sphere.

Here is a "crisis" which miserably affects innumerable British homes. And there are working women who want help, but, it seems, are unwilling to help where they are wanted. How are we to explain this mystery?

It will not do to say that those girls who are looking for jobs are not trained for the jobs where they are in demand. Most domestic servants, says the lamenting housewife, are "untrained"! She will do the training, if they will only come!

Nor can we attach much importance to the very old complaint that mistresses do not make domestic service attractive.

Where demand so greatly exceeds supply, the remedy for the ill-treated servant is easy: she can "move on." And that, at present, is what she mostly does! In fact, very largely, she is able, in these days, to impose her own conditions.

That being so, it is difficult to see how Parliament can usefully devise remedies for the unemployment of women until the whole question of the dole as a deterrent from domestic service has been cleared up.

WHAT I SAW AS ONE OF YESTERDAY'S CROWD

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT PAGEANT.

By FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY.

I TOOK my place in the crowd yesterday, at a reasonably early hour; because, on these great occasions, the crowd interests me almost as much as the fairy-tale ceremony itself.

I like to hear what they say—what they feel about it. You do not get a sense of the irresistible appeal of a Royal Wedding by isolating yourself among the elect.

Crowds are indistinguishable in their vastness. They poured in the direction of the ceremonial route from a very early hour in the morning. I gathered, however, as I came up in a closely-packed train, that most people "mark" their favourite places.

There were many young people and chil-

there were people in the crowd who wanted everybody to know that they had seen that wedding too, and the wedding presents which were shown to the public.

But "Lady Elizabeth" was divined to be the best possible representative of our girlhood, because she is "simple in her ways and tastes," because she is "the quiet sort" (said one of my neighbours), and "not one of these ultra-modern ones" (assented another).

LATTER-DAY GIRLHOOD.

In time, this appreciation led to a certain amount of controversial argument about latter-day girlhood, and to some severe criticism with which—as you've heard it all before—I won't bother you. But certainly we, in our chosen posts, did agree that the bride looked deliciously demure and gentle and a little shy and yet very pleased.

And the bridegroom? For when the bridegroom is a King's son he, unlike many hum-

ABOUT TO BECOME FOURTH LADY OF THE LAND



Yesterday's royal bride leaving her home in Bruton street.

dren, of course, most of whom had "seen" Princess Mary's wedding and perhaps the victorious march after the war.

But some of these were under the guidance of their elders, who had far more festive experience than that.

These had an air of determination as they explained that they had "always" stood in the Mall—or in Whitehall—for King George's coronation, and for King Edward's, and—no, not for Queen Victoria's, but in one case for her Diamond Jubilee and in another for both her Jubilees, Diamond and plain.

I regret that I am not able to report a remoter historical memory in any of my companions. And yet perhaps in that great multitude there may have been those who, seeing Queen Alexandra drive from Marlborough House, remembered her coming to England.

These august associations, however, did not diminish the unfeigned delight my bit of the crowd visibly took in the rather more informal circumstances of yesterday.

Undoubtedly the Duchess of York—as I must now call her—is already very popular.

The last to bear that title was the present Queen, of course, and I mustn't forget that

bler bridegrooms I have observed, comes in for a good deal of comment as well. And I heard the young Duke described as—well as almost everything informally pleasant from "a jolly chap" to a "real good sort."

It is not as in old days, when Royalty stood very far apart from the people! These descriptions then would have sounded disrespectful. Now they are an appropriate tribute to the hard work and kindly manners that bring our Royal Family into touch with the people.

Anyhow I think that the Duke of York would have been well pleased with these colloquial tributes from young men and boys of the type he has met and shaken hands with in the course of his work in London and in other big cities.

He will increase the good-will he has gained in future years as he gets to know and to be known by ever larger numbers of men and women like those who made up the typical multitude that thronged the streets.

And now I remember that I have not yet told you where "we" stood.

No and I shall not. For it's a good place and I intend to reserve it for my own use when the Prince of Wales drives with his bride to the Abbey!

A FAIRY TALE THAT HAS JUST BEGUN.

DUCHESS OF YORK AND HER INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY.

By LADY (LAURA) TROUBRIDGE.

WE women loved the wedding that was celebrated yesterday because it was just like the fairy tales we used to be told as children and which we ourselves have related to our children in our turn.

Cannot you see the freight dancing and the eager circle of little faces as the story ends?

And the Fairy Godmother said to her: "Before the clock strikes twelve you shall be a princess." And now, children you must go to bed."

"No! no! Tell us some more!" cried the children. "Well the princess was very good and sweet, and the prince loved her very dearly."

"Yes! yes! What else?" They were never satisfied.

"Well, that's all, except that they lived happily ever after."

What more could the children want? What more can the nation desire?

Nothing; for we know that we shall get our desire. The young Duchess is good and sweet and the Prince in the real fairy tale has given her all the love in his heart. That is what makes romance.

And that is what women love as much as they ever did, whatever the cynics may think or say.

Is it their strength or their weakness that they place love so high in the scheme of existence?

FLOWER OF COURTESY.

To them it is the great essential thing. Nothing else will do instead, but when it is there many other things may be added to it. Birth, breeding, the full flower of courtesy, the delightful old world grace of simplicity, the sweetness of English girlhood—and the bride of the King's son has them all.

So the wedding bells rang, but the fairy tale is not over.

No; indeed, it has only just begun, and even those of us who will only see that happy married life from afar, who must not, like the children, "ask for more"—even they, I fancy, will be able to note the far-reaching effects of the beautiful home life just starting.

Those of us who have thoughtful minds may have profited by the unconscious lessons the bride has already taught the girls of to-day in the simplicity which has been the keynote of her attitude at this great moment of her life.

If ever there was an occasion when a display of luxury and magnificence would have been but natural, it was surely at the time of her union with the second son of her Sovereign. No one would marvel if all the great shops of London and Paris had been ransacked for such an occasion.

But we admire her so much more because she did nothing of the kind, but chose wisely and with exquisite taste such a trousseau as is fitting for her high position and her dainty self—and no more.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

Then, too, the fact that some of her lovely bonedoir wraps and dressing-gowns were made at home, though it may seem a trivial point to emphasise, is a fine example sure to be widely followed, and is certain to give a big impetus to home dressmaking that will keep many a girl happy and busy who might otherwise have thought it beneath her dignity. Now she will take heart of grace and lighten the family purse and beautify herself at the same time!

It is also an omen of happier augury, because the good taste of restraint and simplicity have gone a little out of fashion, and it will do our girls no harm to call them back.

It is true, though little-realised, that the young can only accept such subtle teaching from the young. Middle-aged people can talk till they are tired (and do, poor dears), pointing out some of the follies and extravagances that have crept into social life. All to no avail! It falls on deaf ears!

On the other hand, let some young prophet arise and without saying a word set upon some precept or principle that has been dinned into their ears unavailingly, and hey presto! the deed is done. They follow like a flock of homing birds!

And that is why I fancy that the influence of the Duchess of York on the young society of our day, gentle and unobtrusive as it is sure to be, will tend to repress some of the exuberances and eccentricities that have crept in with increased liberty and which lower the standard of our social—perhaps even of our national—life.

Diploma
of
Honour



Awarded
at . . .
Olympia.

A Feast fit for Royalty!

It is because *we* know the superlative qualities of Walters' "Palm" Toffee and because thousands of others are daily and hourly buying this wonderful toffee in increasing quantities, that we want you also to try it!

WALTERS' "Palm" Toffee

The high quality and nutritive value together with the deliciously creamy flavour—and the extremely low price 4ozs. 4d. (or in wrapped Meltaway pieces 4ozs. 5d.)—appeals to all. Ask your confectioner for some to-day.

4 ozs. 4 d.

Another Walters' "Palm" speciality you will thoroughly enjoy is "NUT-A-MELS"—The tasty little squares with the delicate coconut flavour. Walters' "Palm" Nut-a-Mels are exceedingly delicious and appetising at 4 ozs. 4d. Ask your confectioner for some to-day.

Buy FLAVOUR— at its lowest price

WHEN you buy sauce
you are really buying
flavour—flavour to make
food more enjoyable, flavour
to make more tempting
meals.



When you buy the big 9d. bottle of

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you actually obtain 2,400 drops of concentrated flavour. In no other way can you buy so much flavour for so little money—really the 9d. you spend is returned to you twenty times over in the better meals you and your family get. Ask your grocer for a bottle of Yorkshire Relish to-day—9d.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.



The Bridal Gem

There is no gem that is more becoming or tasteful for a Bride and her Bridesmaids or Guests than the Pearl.

The most admired necklets and ornaments at many of the smartest weddings, worn by the most distinguished and beautiful women of the Court and Society, praised by all who see them, and described in the press as real pearls, are actually

Ciro Pearls

though the fact is known only to the wearer. In lustre, texture, and weight there is no detectable difference between Ciro Pearls and the natural pearl, or they would not be worn so generally at important social functions under the critical scrutiny of the best judges of jewels.

At our showrooms, where an unsurpassed collection of Ciro Pearls in every variety of shade, size and graduation can be seen, the claim that they are the only true replicas of the real can be verified. Or if unable to visit our showrooms when in town for the Royal Wedding, you can avail yourself of our reliable postal service and

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 18 inches long, with gold clasp, in dainty box, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within 15 days and we will refund your money.

Our dainty illustrated Pearl Booklet No. 24 post free on request.

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The Duke and his bride on the balcony of Buckingham Palace.

A SOLEMN MOMENT.

Wonderful Gowns at the Abbey—Enthusiastic and Patient Crowd—Sunshine Omen.

AS HALF-PAST ELEVEN approached the murmur of voices which rose like the hum of a million bees from the densely packed crowd outside Westminster Abbey, died down. The loud laughter of a woman ceased, a policeman's restive horse stood still and the motionless, red-coated Guardsmen became more rigid still. Big Ben sounded the half-hour which signalled the beginning of the ceremony.

Wonderful Crowds.

Thousands had waited for this moment since eight o'clock yesterday morning. Good-humoured and tolerant, they had gained good positions only to be shifted again by the ever-energetic mounted police. Even when a section was moved far beyond the possibility of seeing anything there was no grumbling. I do not think I have ever seen a more patient or wonderful crowd.

Inside the Abbey.

Inside the Abbey an almost silent congregation in vivid and brilliant clothes also waited. Most had taken their seats as early as nine-thirty and their only amusement for two hours was the careful scrutiny of later and more distinguished arrivals in even more brilliant clothes. The gowns were the most exquisite seen in London for a long time.

King and Queen Arrive.

Punctually at eleven-twenty the King and Queen arrived and the multitude within rose as one. Their approach had been heralded by distant cheers growing louder and louder till they reached the Abbey doors. Then, as their Majesties stepped within, the tumult rose till it seemed as if those ancient and solid foundations shook.

Bridegroom and Best Man.

Everyone agreed that the Queen looked exceptionally pale. She walked with stately dignity down the long nave, bowing left and right to some of her most intimate friends, and took her seat beside the altar. Shortly afterwards the bridegroom, looking very shy, and the Prince of Wales, looking particularly pleased, arrived and exchanged greetings with a group near their mother and father.

An Eager Multitude.

There followed three minutes of breathless suspense while the standing congregation, with eagerly-craning necks, waited for the bride. The shoutings which heralded her approach eclipsed all others, and every head was turned towards the Abbey door, where, out of the bright daylight, she came with easy and graceful tread into the shadowed softness within.

An Early Arrival.

Lady Eleanor Smith, Lord Birkenhead's elder daughter, was an early arrival, and looked charming in a lovely gown of almond green crepe-morocain entirely pleated. Her coat of ochre-coloured Kashia was embroidered with fine oxidized cords and threads in a Persian design. Her hat, of the same colour, was made of crepe georgette with gold-embroidered quills.



Lady Eleanor Smith.

Pretty and Popular.

Lady Eleanor is one of the prettiest and most popular girls in society, and is very keen on the films. She was presented in May of 1921, and enjoyed the distinction of being the first debutante of the season by virtue of her father's position of Lord High Chancellor.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

All About Yesterday's Wedding and the People Who Took Part

A Beautiful Bride.

Dainty and delightful in shimmering silver and pearls, the bride paused by the doorway under the concentrated gaze of countless thousands of eyes. Her soft brown hair was peeping beneath her flowing veil, her pretty lips half-parted. Then, taking an outstretched hand, she walked with becoming hesitancy up to the altar to meet her bridegroom.

The Ceremony.

It was a hushed assembly which watched the bride and bridegroom approach the altar. They had been preceded by the choir sweetly singing "Lead Us, Heavenly Father," and as they knelt before the Archbishop of Canterbury, with bowed heads, there was not a movement in the Abbey. Then only the voices of these two, whose marriage has the blessing of an Empire's affection, could be heard faintly in the solemn silence, uttering their vows.

Congratulations.

As soon as it was over the mellow notes of the choir again rose, singing the Wesley's hymn, "God be merciful to us and bless us," and the Archbishop began his eloquent address. It was almost a relief from the solemnity of the occasion when the National Anthem thundered through the building, after which the Duke and his lovely bride received the cordial congratulations of the King and Queen as the first wonderful notes of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" rang out.

An Important Official.

Major-General G. D. Jeffreys, G.O.C. London Command, was a very important official at the ceremony yesterday. It is mainly due to his efforts that the military arrangements were carried out with such clock-like precision. He commanded the First Guards Brigade in France during the war and afterwards took charge of the 19th Division.



Maj.-General Jeffreys.

Hampshire Home.

General Jeffreys saw a good deal of fighting before 1914. He was with Kit-chener at Omdurman, and with his Grenadiers fought throughout the South African War. His home is in Hampshire.

Sunshine Omen.

At the very moment when the shy and happy pair emerged from the Abbey the sun, which had hidden its face most of the day, shone out in sudden splendour and added glory to the wonderful scene without. Here was an opportunity for the superstitious to remark upon a very happy omen, and I honestly believe that a great number of people were cheering the sun itself.

A Surging Sea.

The triumphal procession after the ceremony was even more extraordinary than their appearance before it. It was as much as the strong cordons of police could do to prevent the wild and shouting people from bursting through the lines of stolid soldiery. Hats flew up like corks on a surging sea, and a million fluttering handkerchiefs waved madly.

Wedding Gowns.

The gowns worn by the wedding guests will establish the fashions for the coming season. Skirts were a shade less long, while green, beige, grey and a particularly pretty soft gold were the predominating colours. Most of the wraps were covered in a maze of white or silver stitchery. Hats were large with brims that deepened in front and shortened at the back and were garlanded with one large ostrich plume, of the same colour.

London's Favourite.

One of the most important of the wedding guests was Princess Mary, and London gave its favourite a specially prolonged and affectionate cheer. As she went smiling by one caught a glimpse of blue ribbons peeping from her gold-embroidered cloak. Her large hat of green-gold was swathed in feather, and she looked particularly happy and well. Queen Alexandra was warmly cheered as she drove to the Abbey and waved her hand.

"Honeymoon Special."

And even when the bridal pair had disappeared within the high gateways of the palace the crowd outside was not satisfied with this fleeting glimpse. Although they had waited many weary hours they were prepared to wait many weary hours more to see them drive away to board the honeymoon "special."

Waterloo Station.

Some of them, even more tireless and certainly more far-seeing than the rest, began to struggle towards Waterloo to see them off. When they did get there they found yet another crowd assembled outside the station. But the police and their fellow sightseers took pity on them and gave them places and points of vantage.

Distinctive Head-dress.

A family party was waiting for the passing of the Duke and his bride. "Will she wear a crown?" asked a small girl. But she was withered by her little brother's contemptuous reply. "Of course not," he said scornfully, "only kings and queens wear crowns. The others have ta-ra-ras."

Assault on the Military.

There was only one sign of trouble with the crowd, I was told. That was near the Horse Guards Parade, where a vicious attack on the military took place. The culprit was a tiny tot of three, who was allowed to stand just beside a gigantic Guardsman. He turned on his benefactor because he was not allowed to borrow his rifle to shoulder arms.

Police and Ambulance Men.

The police, as usual on these occasions, evoked universal admiration for their all-round efficiency and tact. Whether holding fainting women or carrying babies to safety over the heads of the crowd, they were busy throughout the ceremony, and their crowd control was a thing to marvel at. The ambulance men, too, were splendid, and their numerous patients varied from women and young children to healthy-looking men.



Sir John and Lady Sunning among the guests at the Abbey.

Overheard in the Train.

A number of women were discussing the wedding day numbers of the various newspapers as the train bore them Londonwards for the festivities. All were agreed that the best picture of the whole lot was the charming dancing scene which appeared on page 20 of *The Daily Mirror*. "I shall have it framed," said one of the critics, and the others agreed with her.

The Children's Corner.

For some reason a number of poorly-clad youngsters wormed their way into the vast crowd at the corner of Arlington-street, Piccadilly, for the return journey of the bride and bridegroom. The policemen there were sympathetic and obtained front places for many of them. A hatless small girl of, possibly, six summers, nudged her equally small boy companion as the glass coach rolled slowly by. "My, Bill," she said, breathlessly, "isn't it just like the finish of Cinderella?"

Loyal Little Gentleman.

A shaggy little mongrel of unknown breed proved himself a loyal little gentleman on Constitution Hill, to the obvious amusement of the Duke and his bride. He gave a yelp of anguish as someone inadvertently trod on his toes just before they passed. Then he broke through the press and standing fairly in the roadway, wagged his tail in friendly greeting as the procession went by.

THE RAMBLER.

THIS BOX OF

ERAM-Khayyam

CIGARETTES

FREE

In Commemoration of the Royal Wedding




WOULD you like, absolutely free of charge, a box of the world's daintiest and most wonderful Cigarettes? It contains an assortment of all brands of ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes, some tipped with real petals of Roses, some with rich and delicate purple Silk, some with finely beaten Gold, and others with Cork. Until recently ERAM-Khayyam cigarettes were only to be found in the Harems and harems of the native Princes and Potentates of India, for whom they were specially prepared. The only samples reaching Europe were brought by travellers who were allowed to enter the precincts of these exclusive places. The delicious and subtle Oriental Perfume reminded of the

MYSTERIOUS CHARMS, VISIONS,

and all the sweetness of the romantic East revealed as the Cigarette is smoked, carries a new meaning to the Cigarette smoker. In order to introduce these delightful ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes to a wider circle of smokers we have decided to distribute

1,000,000 BOXES FREE.

NEVER BEFORE has such a bold and expensive offer been made, but we know that once you have tasted ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes you will always be their staunch friend.

READ THIS

Originals may be seen at our office.

"It gives me great pleasure to thank you for the delicious cigarettes which I received this morning, also the beautiful presentation cabinet, which I shall always be proud of."

"It is with pleasure that I acknowledge your wonderful cigarettes and Free Cigarette Holder, with the holder I am charmed, and in fact, it is above what I had anticipated."

INTRODUCTORY GIFT.

In addition to the free trial Box of Cigarettes every applicant will also receive a FREE coupon for a magnificent real gold mounted Cigarette Holder, 4 1/2 in. in length, value 10/6.

One Free Box Only to Each Applicant.

TO receive one of the sumptuous free boxes post free to the Coupon below, together with Postal Order for 5/- or stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and same will be forwarded to you by return of post, together with illustrated pamphlet.

Money of the realm and not wholly notified.

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To L. & J. FABIAN, Ltd., (Dept. 15)
D.M.15

ERAM, Cig. Manuf., 74, New Bond St., London, W.1.

Send a Free Trial Box of ERAM-Khayyam Assorted Cigarettes. I enclose 5/- to cover cost of postage and packing.

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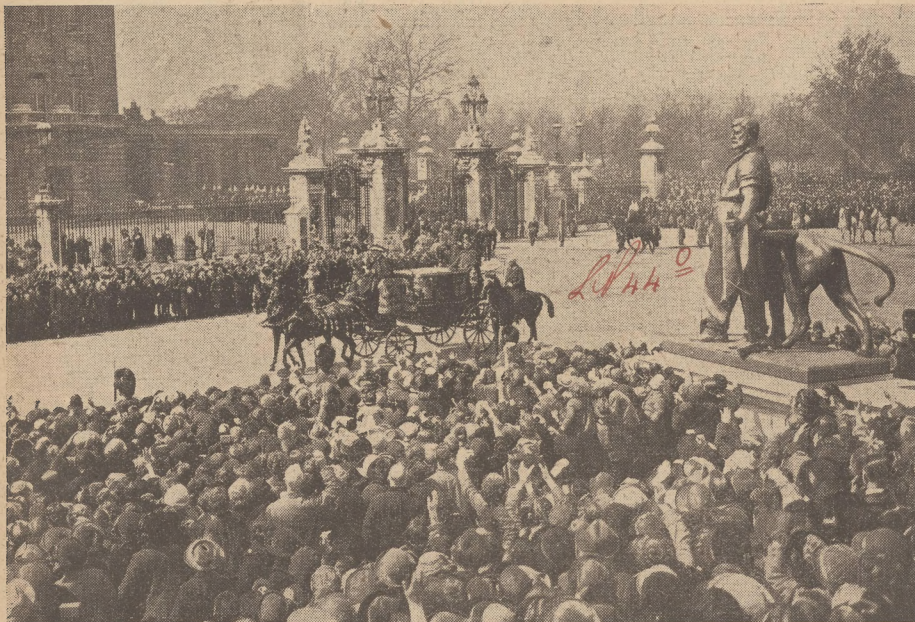
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LONDON'S WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND HIS BRIDE



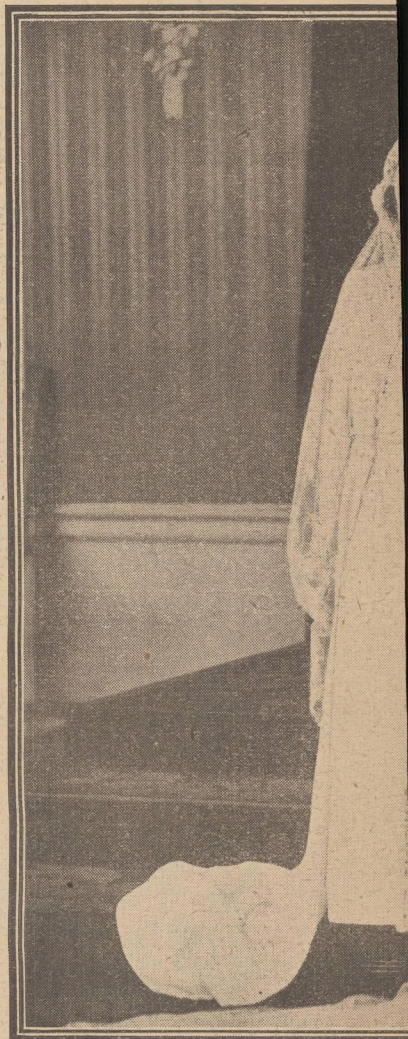
The carriage containing the Duke of York and his bride arriving at Buckingham Palace through cheering crowds



The smiling bride and bridegroom driving together after the wedding.



Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain among the distinguished guests at the Abbey



A special photograph of the Duke and his bride



Lady Beatty at the wedding, which she attended with Earl Beatty.



The Earl of Crawford with Lady Margaret Lindsay.



The wonderful scene outside Buckingham Palace as the Duke and his bride made their way through the city

Yesterday's great wedding pageant was a succession of inspiring scenes. The royal processions were each the occasion of outbursts of hearty cheers, which

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

UNCLE GUS "SEES" THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Thursday.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
Guess who the pets suddenly met to-day, while they were trying to get a glimpse of the Royal Wedding? Why, Uncle Gus, their old French friend, with whom, as some of you will remember, they went to Switzerland some years ago! What was Uncle Gus doing in London? He had come over specially to see the wedding!

How he "saw" it is best described in his own words. "Ah, mon cher Monsieur Duck!" he cried, when we met after the great event. "It was magnifique—splendide! I come over by boat and train, and arrive early this morning.

London—voilà! it is full of people! There is flags in the street—it is a gala day!

"Do first gentleman, I must I say, 'Can you direct me to the Royal Wedding?' He tell me to hop along sharp or it'll be over. 'They're keeping your seat for you at Westminster Abbey!' he call out after me.

"But, vraiment, it is not true. I can get nowhere near de Abbey—there are thousands, non, millions of people. I see not'ing but heads and hats.

"Den suddenly dere is a great shout. 'Here dey come!' I crane my head, but I see not'ing; but all de people cheer, so I cheer; and a gentleman next me say, 'You've lost your hat!' But what do I care? I kiss him on both cheeks.

"Ah, it was a, magnifique day. I wish—what do you English say?—I wish much joy to the royal pair!"

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

THE DOLLIES' WASHING-DAY. And How "Frizzie," the Rag-Doll, Is Scrubbed.

On washing day, on washing day,
I am so very busy;
Each dolly's clothes I have to scrub
From Angela to Frizzie.

Dear Angela, my biggest dolly,
Has petticoats so frilly;
And Winifred has ribbons red,
And so has little Millie.

There's Sammy's socks and Annie's frocks,
And jackets of my Gay;
And Frizzie I scrub, clothes and all,
For she's a poor rag dolly.
So you will see on washing day
I am so very busy;
And in the tub I scrub and scrub
My dollies' things—and Frizzie!

On washing day I'm very gay,
Although, it's such a
trouble;
I love to stir the water up,
Until it's all a-bubble.
And when my dollies' things
are clean
I'm glad I've been so busy;
And on the line, all fresh and
fine,
I hang them up—with
Frizzie!

SOME SPRING TEASERS

What bird is a thief?—The
redbreast, because he is al-
ways a-robin.
If a little boy fell over, what
colour would it make him?—
"Oh!" (yellow).

Why did the stag put up his
umbrella?—Because it saw the
reindeer (rain, dear).

What relation is the door-
mat to the scraper?—A step-
father.

Why is a pillar-box like this
page?—Because it is always
red (read).

A train full of ladies and
gentlemen, and yet there was
not a single person in it. How
was this?—They were all mar-
ried.

Why did the hedge shoot?—
Because it saw the bull rush.

Why is a silly boy like a
jungle?—Because he is dense.

What is the longest rope in
the world?—Europe.

What orders do we all like
to receive?—Postal orders.

What made the milk turn?
—Because it heard the ice-
cream (ice-scream).

What made the willow
weep?—Because it saw the
water-fall.

I live as long as I eat, but
when I drink I die. What am
I?—Fire.

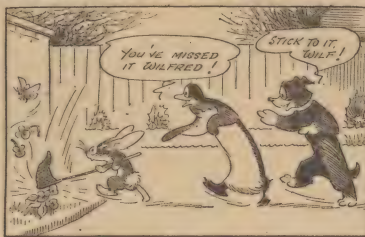
What is the longest word in
the English language?—
Smiles, because there is a
mile between the first and
second S.

What ant is always nice to
eat?—A pheasant.

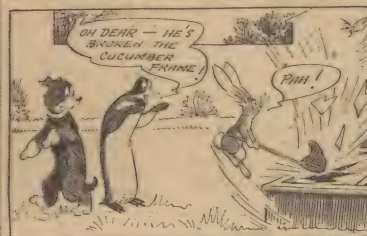
SQUEAK "CATCHES" A BUTTERFLY FOR WILFRED



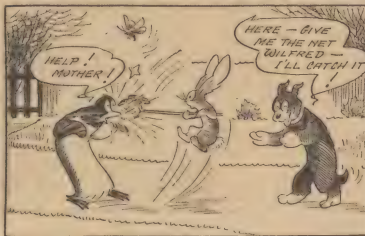
1. After seeing the Royal Wedding, the pets played about in the garden, and Wilfred—



2. —tried to catch a butterfly which had awakened from its winter sleep. He was not very successful.



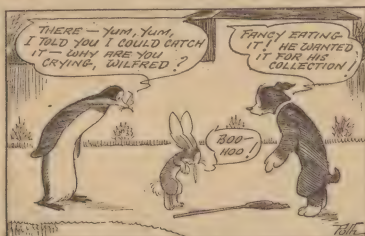
3. Besides spoiling some flowers, he broke a cucumber-frame, and ended up by—



4. —hitting poor Squeak a tremendous bang on the back! The butterfly still fluttered.



5. Then Squeak said she would catch it for Wilfred. So she did—and swallowed it.



6. Then she wondered why Wilfred burst into tears. He wanted it for his collection.

WHY ANÆMIC GIRLS & WOMEN NEED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

They give New Vitality—and more.

There is little doubt that the greatest enemy girls and women have to fight is anæmia; it is the bane of a woman's life. Often hardly noticeable in its first stages, it gradually creeps upon its victims, and, almost before they are aware of it, it has them in its clutches.

There is only one thing that will banish anæmia, and that is a plentiful supply of new rich blood. That is why all sufferers from anæmia need Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Not only do these pills create rich, red blood; they restore appetite and relieve the weary back and limbs, the headaches and the languor that anæmia sufferers know so well.

So start Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day, and see how soon you will be restored to full womanly health and charm. Watch the colour return to your cheeks, and your spirits brighten. Of chemists, or from address below 3s. 6d. box, post free.

FREE—The booklet, "Nature's Warnings," should be read by every girl and woman. Sent free to all who write to Booklet Dept., 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

IDEAL SUPPORT.



For Down-Drag and Rigidity. Absolute accuracy of fit, lightness and ease of adjustment, make this belt a real boon to ladies troubled with undue prominence of figure, obesity or bending-down, sacro-lumbar. All weight is transferred to the hips, with consequent improvement of figure and ideal supporting comfort.

The "Premier" ABDOMINAL BELT.
Mrs. M. M. Ennis, London, writes: "I paid a very big price to a well-known surgical instrument-making firm for a 'Kidney Belt' and your belt is superior in every way—Milks, Danish and Adjustment."

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CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

are not the ordinary water biscuits. Try them and you will appreciate the difference.

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CARR & CO. LTD
CARLISLE

flavour made Velma famous

A 20 year old secret of flavour still holds Velma inimitable. It is the reason why millions the world over never tire of Velma. It is a secret of quality and of a master hand in blending and preparing. Because of this secret Velma will always delight you, too. Velma for flavour!

Full Sizes, 4d., 8d. & 1/4.

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KAMMALLA EASTERN SECRET OF BEAUTY.

Face Cream - 1/9
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Ask your Chemist or write to—

VIDYA SAHAI, 42, Blandford St., LONDON, W.1.

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THE "STAR" DARNER is a wonderful yet simple automatic hand device with which even a child can WEAVE A PERFECT DARN into any material in an astonishingly short time. IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE UNTIDY DARN. A great boon for quickly and neatly repairing stockings, table linen, underwear, etc. Unbreakable and easy to operate. With directions, price 2/9, post 3d.

USEFUL FREE GIFT included with all orders received during the next 10 days. Send NOW P.O. 3/- to The ONLY 2/9 E. J. R. Co., (Dept. D.M.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.12.



LONDON'S WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND HIS BRIDE



The royal carriage at Constitution Hill after passing Hyde Park Corner during the bridal progress from the Abbey to Buckingham Palace.

The smiling bride and groom.



The royal bridal carriage leaving Westminster Abbey attended by an escort of Life Guards.



Crowds of closely-packed spectators cheering the Duke of York and his bride.

URING THEIR DRIVE TOGETHER FROM THE ABBEY



together after the ceremony.

The Duke of York and his bride with the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra on the balcony of Buckingham Palace in the afternoon.



as their carriage passed through Parliament-square in bright sunshine,



The carriage containing the Duke and his bride leaving Whitehall at the Horse Guards.



Great Moments:

The Engagement

It was an inevitable question.

The exquisite softness and velvety bloom of her complexion, enhanced by the constant use of Pond's Vanishing Cream, greatly added to her alluring charm.

To possess a skin as delicate as a rose petal—so fresh, so healthful—is the desire of every woman, and oft-times—let it be whispered—it hastens "the day." Pond's Vanishing Cream needs no massage, but disappears instantly, leaving no trace of use save a delightful yet faint perfume. It safeguards the skin against all sudden weather changes, and forms a splendid base for powder.

Pond's Cold Cream is a valuable supplement to the Vanishing Cream. Apply it nightly to the face, neck and arms to cleanse the pores, to keep the skin clear and supple, and to obviate line formation.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams obtainable from all chemists and stores in opal jars at 1/3 and 2/6, and in collapsible tubes, price 7d. (handbag size) and 1/-.

**FREE
SAMPLES**

Pond's Extract Company will send, on receipt of 3d. in stamps, for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream containing a liberal supply.



Ponds Vanishing Cream

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Wholesome Vegetables & Spices

Rich in the valuable elements provided by nature to aid digestion and stimulate appetite—blended and mellowed into the most delicious and enjoyable pickle.

HAYWARD'S MILITARY PICKLE

"Military" is not too sour, not too sweet, and not too spicy, but just the happiest combination of all the essential ingredients of the perfect pickle.

It tickles the jaded appetite and relieves the monotony of the cold joint.

**THE BEST OF THE
GOOD PICKLES**

Of all Grocers.

HAYWARD BROS. LTD.,
KENNINGTON, S.E.



The Thought of Them!



To think of Delecta Velvetbrowns is to dream—to have a far-away look in the eyes—to reach for one's purse—and to look for the nearest confectioner's.

For they are such "thoughtful" chocolates themselves; planned and carried out in the minutest detail to please, to puzzle and persuade.

To taste them once is to think of them often.

Delecta

VELVETBROWN CHOCOLATES

PLANTERS PRODUCTS LTD., DELECTALAND,

WATFORD, ENGLAND,

Buy a Box
and be Glad!



SCENES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND THE ABBEY



The Duke and his bride with the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra on the balcony of the Palace.



The Countess of Stratmore and Kinghorne, the bride's mother, leaving Bruton-street.

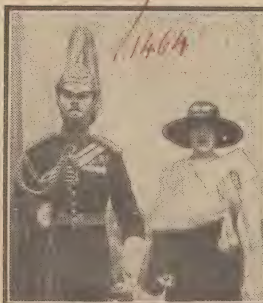


The bride leaving her home in Bruton-street for the Abbey.



ance on the balcony and were greeted with a tumult of cheers from the crowd below.

ed with redoubled enthusiasm as the Duke and his bride drove together after the ceremony, and again when they appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace.



Lord and Lady Spencer arriving at the Abbey.



Mrs. Dudley Ward, with Lieutenant-Commander W. Dudley Ward.



My advice to young wives is —

Always make your cakes and pastry light and appetizing so that everyone will praise and enjoy them! You can do it quite easily—and economically too—if you follow Borwick's recipes (printed on every tin and packet) and always use

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Goes twice as far as most other baking powders and is the finest and purest you can buy. You need fewer eggs and less butter if you use Borwick's and you get bigger and better cakes because Borwick's makes them rise so beautifully. It gives such splendid results with so little trouble.

Sold everywhere in packets and tins.

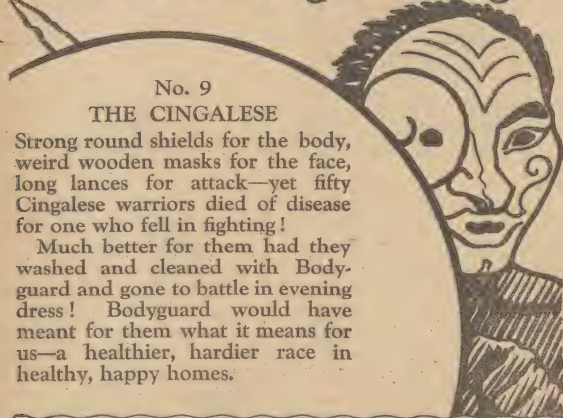
CONSUMPTION

JACKSON'S INVICTA CO., LTD., have pleasure in informing the readers of this paper that, owing to the increased demand, they have now been able to make a REDUCTION of 2/- per bottle in the price of their HERBAL TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION. ALL SUFFERERS from CONSUMPTION (Tuberculosis) or from any other affections of the LUNGS and CHEST (such as ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL CATARRH, etc., etc.) are strongly recommended to write for our FREE PRESENTATION BOOKLET, telling all about the FAMOUS JACKSON'S TREATMENT. No HOSPITAL or SANATORIUM TREATMENT necessary. OUR Treatment must be taken in PRIVACY in your OWN HOME. A book of TESTIMONIAL LETTERS from many of our GRATEFUL PATIENTS will also be sent, and many HUNDREDS of similar letters may be inspected at any time at the Office of the COMPANY.

Do not DELAY a DAY LONGER—but write at once for our Advice. No Charge; we will give it to you gladly. **TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE.**

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No. 9 THE CINGALESE

Strong round shields for the body, weird wooden masks for the face, long lances for attack—yet fifty Cingalese warriors died of disease for one who fell in fighting!

Much better for them had they washed and cleaned with Bodyguard and gone to battle in evening dress! Bodyguard would have meant for them what it means for us—a healthier, harder race in healthy, happy homes.

THE PROTECTOR OF HEALTH Bodyguard Soap

WILLIAM GOSWAGE & SONS LIMITED, WIDNES, ENGLAND

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Quenchie
makes every
week a

Gala Week

Quenchie is a cheery soul at any time—this week she feels still more cheery. From the window of many



LYONS' TEASHOPS

she smiles on all who look in to tell them that there is a soda fountain inside.

When you see Quenchie in the window, you will know that in that teashop you can obtain all kinds of iced fruit drinks, all kinds of ice cream sodas, and all kinds of ice cream and fruit confections at their very best and at an extremely moderate price. That is what a Lyons Soda Fountain means.

LYONS' SODA FOUNTAIN.

Some suggestions from the tariff:

Ice Cream Sodas ...	5d.
Various fruit flavours ...	6d.
Peach Melbas ...	6d.
Sundae ...	8d.
Fluoride, Strawberry, Mixed Fruit, etc.	
Parfaits ...	1/-
Frappe ...	9d.
Various fruit flavours ...	
Banana Split ...	9d.
Charlie Chapin ...	1/-
Neapolitan Fruit ...	1/-
Coupe Jacques ...	1/-

J. LYONS & CO., Ltd., London, W.

HEALTHY WOMEN

must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:
No bones or -teels to drag, hurt or break.
No lacing at the back.
Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders, detachable for washing purposes.
It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.
It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.
It has a short 9in. lank in front, which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.
It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish. **BACK TO PRE-WAR PRICES.**
These Health Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure, are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

EVERY STITCH BRITISH. Support British Women Workers and reduce unemployment. No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if dissatisfied.

Catalogues sent with Corsets. Cross your Postal Orders and make payable to the **HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Dept. 7, MORLEY HOUSE 26-28, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.**

You can do TWO THINGS AT ONE TIME —AND DO THEM BETTER

Instead of dusting your furniture in the old way take a damp cloth and pour on a few drops of O-Cedar Polish, go over the surface lightly and you will gather up all the dust and enrich the polish of the wood at the same time. There are no dust-clouds where O-Cedar is used.

MAKE THE O-CEDAR WAY THE WAY FOR EVERY DAY.

O-Cedar Polish

REDUCED PRICES:

4-oz. Bottles ...	1/3
12-oz. Bottles ...	2/6
Quart Tins ...	5/6
Half-Gallon Tins ...	10/6
Gallon Tins ...	19/6

ASK YOUR DEALER.

Manufacturers: THE CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., LTD., SLUGH, HUCKS.

O-Cedar Mop
with five distinct improvements.
Cheaper than ever—yet better.
PRICES 4/9 & 5/9



YOU CAN BEGIN THIS NEW SERIAL ROMANCE TO-DAY

A DEBT OF HONOUR

By MAY EDGINGTON



Anna Land.

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

ANNA LAND, employed as a forewoman at the Garne Printing Works, London, lives alone in two little rooms, which, mean though they are, she has made her home. She is visited by her sister Lucia, Mrs. Avelton, a woman twenty years older than herself, who has had three husbands and is rich in worldly possessions. Anna has only seen her sister once since she was a tiny tot of four—eighteen years ago. The contrast between the two sisters is marked—Lucia, rich, restless, pleasure-loving, striving to offset her material success against her spiritual poverty; Anna, young, pure, idealistic, willing to sacrifice everything to self-expression, which in her case is music. Lucia wants to help her young sister and to engineer a good marriage for her, but Anna will have none of it.

Anna has a friend, Bertie Silver, manager of the Garne Works, a strong, saturnine individual, who loves her well, but whom, instinctively, she distrusts. Nevertheless, they are room-friends and often go about together. One night, when Silver is at Anna's rooms for the first time, he tries to make love to her and indicates that, as manager of the works, he has her fate in his hands.

A GREAT LIFE!

"STOP all this. Stop!" Anna spoke urgently. "You shan't come any more if you worry me."

"How independent you dare to be!"

"Yes, I dare to be independent!" Anna cried passionately. "I won't be driven. I won't be ordered. I can be driven and ordered and hustled in my working day. This is my evening. This is my home that, I pay for. Mine! You may threaten and remind me that you hold my job just between your finger and thumb. I'm not frightened."

"I don't want you to be. And I wasn't—I didn't—I just wanted you to see things—"

"As other men would make me see them, eh? Men less noble than you? Not so chivalrous and kind-hearted? Well, if you're so much better than the rest, so much nobler and kinder and bigger, Mr. Silver, get back to that chair and stay there. And—and I'll stay here, thank you."

Silver walked in a sullen rage back to the hearth. He stood there awhile in silence.

"You'll come round," he said presently.

"Life'll be too much for you by yourself. I've seen it often. A pretty girl starts off cocksure. The years go by. All around her she sees other pretty new girls starting off cocksure; full of bounce. In the end she sees the world is a pretty tight-fisted oyster and that it takes a man to get most of the pearls."

"Will you please sit down," said Anna.

She put her hands on the keys again. They were tremulous a little. She felt not quite so sure of herself. Was he, by any terrible chance, right? She began to sigh.

Now and again she lifted her head to glance at him over the top of the piano.

He sat, shoulders hunched, elbows on his knees, chin in his palms. The flames were busy over his dark and sorrowful face. She could see the gleam of his eyeballs and his knitted brows. His brooding seemed to darken the room. Some force that emanated from him touched her, closed in on her.

She did not know that it was just the man-force seeking for domination of the woman, but she felt its sure touch. For an instant the world loomed larger to her; too large to challenge; then she battled with the phantasy, shook it away. She lost herself in music.

For an hour she sang, uninterrupted, and then suddenly ceased.

She heard Silver sigh.

"Good night," she said softly, kindly. "Go now."

Silver got up and went obediently to the dark corner for his coat and hat.

He drew near again, and stood close beside her as she still sat on the piano seat.

"You won't—?" he whispered, bending down.

She shook her head.

"A good-night kiss isn't so much," said Silver wearily.

"It's the beginning of the end," she said.

"Silver turned away. "After all," he said, "you're a real woman. You know that much."

"The beginning of the end," You know that. Wish you didn't. Good night. To-morrow morning seems a long while away."

"It will be here too soon," she answered.

"Not for me," said Silver. "Good night again. And thank you, Anna. You're rather cruel—"

"Cruel to be kind," said Anna.

"Sort of kindness a man has no use for. But I say again, I've been in Heaven to-night. Thank you."

He was gone.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

The darkness went from the little room. It was quiet again; homely and safe.

Lucia sat thinking of Silver and confessing to herself. She guessed that when he had sat near her on the piano-seat it had been no small temptation just to fall into his ready arms; to close her eyes; to be kissed; to leave to-morrow to take care of herself.

But, having weathered the temptation, she knew herself all the stronger for it. Yet she saw how easily and tragically women succumb upon men, the wrong men, any men; how gently and imperceptibly the big mistakes of life can be made; how softly and naturally the big mistakes just happen.

And she thought of Lucia. Lucia had walked so demurely for nearly twenty years; fed so delicately, dressed so richly. Three men at least had loved her with passion enough to make them dedicate their lives to her, even if, after the dedication, unlawfully they snatched those lives back.

Yet what was there in Lucia's eyes? The same haggard patience as had looked from their mother's eyes.

Lucia, a broken woman, and knew it.

"It is a great life if you don't weaken," said Anna Land out loud to herself, and she struck two resolute chords like an Amen.

She sang herself a lullaby, softly, tenderly—and knew in her heart the absurd desire that she were singing it to Lucia, or to Silver. As she thought of Silver she knew that she wished he were there at her feet, with his head against her knees—as, cunningly, he had laid it for a moment an hour ago, knowing woman's weakness of pity—while she sang the lullaby to him. "We are very soft," she thought, "very, very soft." And she slipped off the piano seat, and enjoyed the last glow from the last embers of her fire.

Presently she took off the black silk frock which she loved, and laid it away with the bags of pot-pourri, longing for the next time of wear.

Lucia, so polished, so fine, was scented, furred, jewelled every day. She had paid her price and received the goods. Was the price so high?

"Don't weaken," murmured Anna to herself. But she fell asleep wrapped in dream luxuries all the same.

KING GARNET.

ANNA LAND found a hectic confusion of mind prevailing among her subordinates next day. Old girls were imparting news to new girls; new girls were imparting news to old girls. Their minds were not on their simple and mechanical work. They exchanged looks, appraising each other. In the lunch-room at midday the talk ran all on one topic.

Anna, at a corner, caught fragments that floated hither and thither through her own preoccupation with last night. For while she was preoccupied, Silver had left his violent impression on her mind.

This morning she had scarcely seen him. He had been hovering about in the entrance, ostensibly for the purpose of finishing a cigarette before he went into the works, but really, as she knew, to catch a glimpse of her. They had exchanged smiles, his urgent, conciliatory; hers, brief and cautious.

She had hurried by him, just murmuring a reply to his half-entreaty. "Good morning, Miss Land." Later he had come to the door of the colour-room, over which she reigned, but they had not spoken.

She could hear the girls speaking of King Garnet. Garnet was coming that afternoon. The news had flown round the great works, and concentrated and gained significance in the colour-room. The little pale slips of girls were all aflutter. Their young giggles made gay the formal lunch-room. They were making up music, and seeing visions all about King Garnet. The light of his presence was very bright to them.

She herself thought reluctantly of Silver. After lunch, in the rest-room, she saw the girls prinking in the mirrors; drawing worn and dingy powder-puffs from hiding places of stockings, tops, waist-belts, bosoms, or pockets; this one borrowing from that one a touch of lip-salve. Most of them pulled and tweaked their hair into little bushes over their ears.

She often thought of these girls tenderly. To-day she was sorry for them. In their pretence so brief, their aims so short. The passing of one careless young man through their afternoon was a memorable event.

"What's the excitement?" she asked them, smiling.

"Mr. Garnet's back. Been all round the world on his yacht. And he's comin' to see us this afternoon."

"You seen him, Miss Land?"

"Course she never. He's been away all the time she's been here, ain't he, Miss Land?"

"Heard tell he's going to marry a titled lady."

"That's only what they say. Sometimes they marries beneath 'em—j-j-just anybody. . . . You never know."

"I should say we've all got a chance 'cordin' to you."

Giggles.

"My chance's goin' for frippence. Any takers?"

More giggles.

Two o'clock struck. They were back at work. All the machinists were going, all the girls monotonously attending them, when King Garnet came in.

Anna Land, standing beside a machine at which worked the newest recruit at the far end of the room, saw him come in. Silver was by his side, walking softly, saturninely obsequious.

She could imagine how the dark ironies of Silver's mind worked at this moment. She looked with attentive eyes at Garnet away on the other side of the large room. Even at that distance she saw him smiling, light, care-free, a big young man with all the arrogant ease of inherited riches upon him.

He stepped to speak to the first girl at the first machine, far away from the light, and in a visible quality. He laughed, nodded and passed on.

He attended, in a dilettante way, to the details which Silver was thrusting insistently upon him. "It's nothing to him," Anna told herself, watching. "All this place, built and planned so carefully for his future use, all this live of us—it's all nothing to him; but the means whereby he lives. He doesn't want to come here; doesn't want to look—doesn't want to trouble. Nothing matters to that kind of man but his fun. That's his lot to have!"

She saw the many excited heads turning after him as he progressed.

Twenty yards from her, several machines away, pausing to speak smilingly to a flattered girl, he caught the figure of Anna Land. He turned quickly and looked at her.

They looked at each other for perhaps two seconds.

"Our new forewoman, Miss Land," said Silver in a very quiet, harsh voice in Garnet's ear.

Garnet glanced round at him, and saw him strangely at tension; in that instant, for the first time he knew the measure of his manager's hostility. He regarded him attentively for a moment. He was amazed. He looked back at Anna. "A good forewoman?" he asked easily.



"I needn't keep you, Silver. All I want to do now is to have a few words with Miss Land." As Silver turned away he gave Anna a look, and she saw, in the dark dens of his eyes, wild things unfathomable.

Silver nodded. "You'll speak to her?"

"Presumably," said Garnet.

Silver laughed his very quiet, harsh laugh. "You don't need to be presented to your forewoman, sir. She can come to you."

He made a sign, and Anna moved forward.

But King Garnet met her.

"Miss Land?"

"Yes, Mr. Garnet."

"I've been hearing about you—your splendid qualities—from our friend here," said Garnet mendaciously.

Silver looked at him darkly.

"I have just told Mr. Garnet you are very capable, Miss Land."

"Thank you, Mr. Silver," said Anna.

"Are you happy here? Comfortable? You find things—er—all right?" Garnet asked, with a charming air of apology for his vagueness.

"I like the job very much, Mr. Garnet."

"If you wouldn't mind taking me round your room, we could release Silver. I've seen all the rest, Silver—all I'm going to see to-day, anyway."

"I can stay with you, sir."

"I needn't keep you, Silver. All I want to do now is to have a few words with Miss Land about the woman's side of the place. Thanks, Silver. That's all—er—wasting your me time."

"Fraid it is just a waste of time when I come here." He laughed and offered his hand.

Silver took the hand, saying nothing, and he imparted nothing to the handsake which

Garnet bestowed. But as he turned away he gave Anna a look, and she saw, in the dark dens of his eyes, wild things unfathomable. She caught her breath, and stealing a look at Garnet, saw that he watched Silver's departure, down the aisles of machines, out of the room.

But Garnet was insolently good-humoured; inclined to laughter. He thought he now understood.

"What is this?" he said. "Mayn't I talk to you?"

"I suppose you may if you wish, Mr. Garnet."

"Ah! But don't put it like that, if you please! Can't we stand a little away from these machines? Over there? If you don't mind."

They withdrew to the only empty space in the room, directly under the high windows.

"I think I have offended Silver, eh?"

"But how?"

"By wanting to talk to you."

"She said very coldly. "What nonsense!"

King Garnet knew the inflections of women's voices well. He was a young man—only twenty-six—and idle; but there were some things he had not been too idle to study assiduously.

"Perhaps I have made a mistake," he said.

"What I really want you to do, if you can spare the time, is to tell me if the conditions here are all right for the girls; and so on, and so forth, you know. Are there any improvements you would wish?"

Having given her a subject, he was able to watch her while she talked. She was obliged to talk, because he had asked her to. And he looked, unobtrusively, at her hair and her eyes, full of damped-down fires ready to blaze any time, and her slim, lithe figure, and her narrow, expressive face. They were dancing feet, he thought; and he thought, too: "I shall ask her one night to dance. I could take her some where or other. She's a rather wonderful girl."

And when she stopped her dispassionate summary of her subject he said, absently and coldly:

"So everything's satisfactory. I'm glad. Knew I could rely on Silver, as a matter of fact. Silver's exhibition of hatred had gone from his mind; it was immaterial, anyway."

"But, now, about you. It seems to me you must be a queer thing for a girl like you to be working in a place like this."

She looked at him frankly, but cautiously.

"I mean," he hastened to add, "it's an unattractive environment, isn't it? I suppose, however, that you make up for it in the week-ends and evenings?"

"The week-ends and evenings console one quite a lot. But her smile was sphinxlike.

"What do you do with your evenings?"

"I usually stay at home."

"With your parents?"

"No," she said. "I haven't any parents. I live on my own. But it's home just the same."

"Why not? But how do you occupy yourself? Isn't it dull?"

"Oh—I sing a little. I have a lot of practising to do."

"You mean you want to take up singing as a career? I know you mean that. How splendid! I knew this wasn't your metier. He saw that her cheeks had coloured and her eyes shimmered with enthusiasm, and he could not hide, and he pressed on quickly with the little advantage. "I say, couldn't I hear you sing one day?"

She hesitated.

"I mean, I have a good many musical friends. But, couldn't I hear you, one evening, alone, first?"

Still she hesitated.

"Of course, you're a very pretty girl, an amazing girl."

Her face hardened.

"You don't allow me to say that?"

"I think, Mr. Garnet, that between employer and employee the attitude should be strictly business-like."

"But when you have been business-like all day surely you can relax afterwards."

"Sometimes, in some cases. Is there anything else you want to ask me?"

"I only want to ask you about yourself."

"Those are the questions I shall have no time to answer."

King Garnet was baffled and astonished.

"Being it?" he said to himself, "I have made all the necessary apologies, and I haven't said so very much, considering what the position is, and she gives me the frozen shoulder as if I were the butcher."

"You are awfully hard on me," he said aloud, challenging her with half-laughing eyes. But she read his surprise in them.

"What does that matter to you?" she replied. "It always seems to me that direct he can't get what he wants. Till he gets it, nothing else is worth a cent. And I want to hear you sing."

"No, you don't," said Anna, moving away to her recruit again.

King Garnet was left under the high windows, a little amused, most surprised, highly piqued, and very eager. He sighed, smiled and went out.

His car was waiting for him. He got in and took the wheel from his chauffeur, and as he let in the clutch something drew his eyes, impelled him to look round.

Silver was watching him steadily over the wire blind of the office on the ground floor. After two seconds he started to get up, but before the car began to move, then Garnet nodded, smiled, and settled back to drive.

"Hang the lowering brute!" he said to himself. "Jealous, of course."

Another splendid instalment will appear to-morrow.

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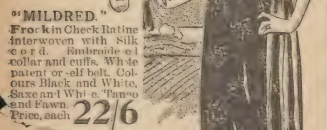
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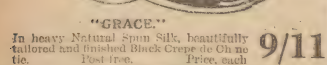


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the prize.

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lish Margarine Works (1919) Ltd., Adverti-
sers, Corporation, Broad Green, Liverpool, so as to
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be announced in this paper on May 2nd.)
Send in as many contributions as you like.
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FREE OF CHARGE

Every fat and over-stout man and woman is
living on the edge of a precipice—and they
know it—for nine-tenths of the sudden deaths
which occur are due to the action of the heart
and organs being compressed, restricted and
hindered by the unnatural layers of fat which
choke and clog their movements.

Every fat person is living in a danger zone—
afraid to indulge in any of those innocent plea-
sures which make life worth living, for they too
bitterly know that at any moment the "clock
may stop."

Fatness is a conspiracy against existence—a
rebellion against life which gains ground with
every pound put on—and you cannot afford to
ignore the unmistakable danger-signals which
every day become more pronounced.

A few years ago I was in this wretched and
perilous plight—so encased with excess flesh
and fat that I could scarcely move or breathe.
In anguish of mind—deeply conscious of my
poor—I tried all the cauteries, remedies and
methods; but to my despair they failed.

Then Providence brought me in touch with a
famous French physician, who had devoted
years to the close study of the subject, and his
earnestness convinced me that at last there was
hope.

The results were wonderful, glorious and im-
mediate. In the very first week my weight de-
creased, and it is a fact that in six weeks I had
lost no less than 38lbs. of unhealthy and dan-
gerous fat.

Miss M. Moore, of Bury
St. Edmunds, writes:

I am pleased to be able to
give you a good report.
The Moline Treatment
has reduced me nearly two
stone in weight, and I have
never felt so well as I do
now. I have lost my ugly,
thick ankles and all the
other ugly fat. Your
Treatment is wonderful,
and I shall recommend it
to others.

Miss A. Church, of Stony
Stratford, writes:

I must write and thank
you for what you have
done for me. I feel quite
a new woman after taking
the Moline Treatment. I
have lost two stone in
weight, and five inches
round my waist. I will
tell all my friends about
Moline.

At the end of my treatment I was exactly
normal weight. And the greatest blessing of all
was that I also regained all my lost health.

Instead of being always "nervy," palpitating,
breathless, organically weak and unstrung, I
became vigorous, strong and capable of under-
taking work and taking part in pleasures.

To-day I can easily walk 25 miles without
fatigue—can work for hours at a stretch, and
keep up with the best.

What a wonderful change! And how thank-
ful I am—to say nothing of the welcome im-
provement it made in my appearance, for I am
no longer clumsy, unsteady, ungainly and un-
graceful person, but just a normal, well-con-
ditioned and pleasant-looking individual.

At the Inventor's own desire I am making his
wonderfully successful method better known to
the public, and he has empowered me to pre-
sent to all stout people a copy of that famous
work, "The Highway of Health."

All who are fat—men and women of all ages—
are invited to accept this generous and un-
conditional offer, an offer which bears the im-
press of complete sincerity.

You should not hesitate a moment, for the
road to recovery is open to you—and at no ex-
pense. Cut out and send me the coupon, and
please say where the fat is most troublesome,
and give your name and full address clearly on
a separate piece of paper. Also say whether
Mrs. Miss or Mr. I will send you on the book
post free, and under private cover.

Address your letter to The Superintendent,
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27, Finsbury Street, London, E.C.2.

COUPON

To the Superintendent,
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86, Chiswell Chambers,
27, Finsbury Street, London, E.C.2.
Please send the undersigned a free copy of the
book, "The Highway of Health."

Signature.....
Write name and full address on separate sheet.

PROSPECTS OF TO-DAY'S RACING

Excellent Cards at Sandown and Stockton.

CHANCE FOR FRIAR.

Sandown's attendance suffered considerably owing to the royal wedding yesterday, but with no such "opposition" to-day there will be a much bigger crowd in spite of the fact that Stockton will claim quite a lot of attention.

Friar, forgiven his lapse at Pontefract, runs for the Tudor Stakes, and with Donoughue again in the

FOLLOW BOUVIERIE.

Bouvierie's selected selection has won three days running. The horses were Poststar (5-4), Tanglewood (evens) and Desolation (adding 5-2).

Bouvierie was the only expert of the London dailies to give Poststar, which won the Easter Cup yesterday at 10 to 1.

Sunny Side	Ward 7	Roman Candle	P.H. 8	1
Iron Crown	Ward 7	Booby	Ward 7	1
Sunshine	Ward 7	Greedy Girl	H. 1	1
Stellar	Ward 7	Greedy Girl	H. 1	1
Phylax	Lambton 8	High Court	Cottrell 7	1
Skylark	C. March 8	Whitehouse	Janley 7	1
Mis Fapperton	L. 1	West Riding	P. 7	1
Alva Ferry	Cole 8	Picture Frame	Reid 7	1
Salters	Coch 8	Argentine	Cottrell 7	1

BOLTON IN TOWN.

Twelve Players Complete Cup Final Training at Harrow.

Twelve Bolton Wanderers' players arrived at Harrow yesterday, to complete their preparations for Saturday's final.

Hitherto, except for brief lulls at Northwich, the ordinary routine of preparation has been followed at home, but to-day, and again to-morrow morning, quiet walks in the leafy lanes that outflank the town, Middlesex and Bucks will be indulged in, and, of course, exercise finds a place in the scheme of things.

Seddon, Joe Smith and Vizard are stated to be not quite fit, but they are expected to take their part in the team to-morrow.

It is stated that the only position about which a doubt is entertained is at right half, and a definite decision between the claims of Rowley and Nuttall will not be made until shortly before the match.

NEWCASTLE TEAM BUILDING.

More Players Re-engaged Than Any League Team in the Country.

Newcastle United have resigned Bradley, Coates, and Mutch (all-keepers), Conliffe, Hudspeth, and Houghton (keepers), Curry, Finlay, W. J. Mcintosh, McKenna, Morley, Reed, and Spencer (all-keepers), Clark (J.), Clark (R.), Harris, Keatinge, Lord (J.), McDonald, Mitchell, Scott, and Seymour. Terms have also been offered to Arden, Hampson, and Russell, and their signatures are expected almost at once.

Archibald, Hagan, Keen, Richardson, Swan, Wake and Woods have been placed on the transfer list. No team in the country has so far announced so many re-engagements.

HUFTON'S RECOVERY.

Famous Surgeon Thinks Hammers' Goal-keeper May Play in Final.

It is now thought that Hufton, West Ham's injured goalkeeper, will be able to play in the final at all.

He was operated on by Sir Herbert Barker, the manipulative surgeon, on Wednesday, for an injury to his knee, and was then tested, and found to be too short to allow of the player's recovery. Sir Herbert saw his patient again yesterday and stated that Hufton was making an excellent progress that his appearance at Wembley was quite possible.

OTHER SPORT IN BRIEF.

Yorkshire Women's Golf.—Mrs. White and Miss Wragge yesterday quitted for the final of the Yorkshire women's golf championship.

Requit Correction.—The results of the Central League Match Bolton v. Sheffield United, played on Wednesday evening, was Sheffield United 2, Bolton 1.

Craig v. Kilbane.—The Pelti Press states that the President of the New York Boxing Federation has granted a licence to Johnny Kilbane for the contest with Craig, which will take place June 2.

Volunteer Wanderers have authorized the necessary steps for the formation of a new company to take over the old company and run the club for the future. It is intended to raise £10,000 of new capital.

For the Channel.—Romeo Maciel, an Argentine long-distance swimmer, is on his way to London, states Reuters. He will attempt to cross the English Channel in the "Maciel" in March of last year swam from Colonia, Uruguay, to Buenos Aires, a distance of twenty-seven miles, and was in the water for twenty-four and a half hours. This was said to be a world's record for endurance.

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL" NAP.

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14/2 per cwt. WHY PAY MORE?

How to Feed Poultry at Almost Pre-War Prices.

You need not pay a penny more than 14s. 2d. per cwt. for your poultry feed at the present time. The world's best egg-producing mash now costs 14s. 2d. per cwt., made up as follows:—

- 1 cwt. Karswood Poultry Meal, 25s. 6d.
- 1 cwt. Middlings, 10s. 0d.
- 1 cwt. English bran, 9s. 0d.

Total cost for 3 cwt., £2 2s. 6d., which is 14s. 2d. per cwt.

We have had the above food mixed, and then analysed, and it contains more egg-making material than some other poultry meals offered to the public at 25s. per cwt. In other words, you save 10s. 10d. per cwt. by using the Karswood mash recommended above, and the proof of its quality lies in the fact that more people use Karswood Meal than any other kind, as proved by last year's sales, which amounted to over 24 million bags. Read how well others are doing, then save money yourself by adopting the Karswood economy plan.

Bought 50-Fowl Hut with Profits.

Little Cornard, Nr. Sudbury, Suffolk.

I feel it my duty to tell you my results of using your Karswood Poultry Spice and Karswood Meal. I have 23 Lenoxy hens hatched last May, and I started using Karswood Chick Rearing Meal and Karswood Poultry Spice, and I have had very good results.

They started laying about 9th November, and they have averaged 17 eggs a day since till now, and I have recommended your foods to all poultry keepers. I have managed to buy a new 50-fowl hut for next season from my profits, which I should not have had if I had not used Karswood Poultry Spice and Meal.

You may use this letter as a testimonial if you wish.

3rd April, 1923.

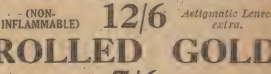
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You can buy both Karswood Complete Poultry Meal and Karswood Chick-rearing Meal from 17,000 poultry food dealers at the following low prices:—

31lbs. 11d. for 31lbs. 11d. of new capital.

28s. 6d. The reason the prices are lower than others is because Karswood sell more meal than anyone else. Also don't forget the Karswood Poultry Spice (containing ground insects). Packets 21d., 71d., 1s. 3d., which works out at one-tenth of a farthing per bird per day.

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Send for Booklet of 100 tested recipes to Hulton & Co. Ltd., Manchester.



SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.	
SANDOWN.	STOCKTON.
2.30—WARRIOR.	2.30—MARK SABBRE.
2.30—LOVE OIL F.	2.30—SYNORIX.
3.00—FRIAR.	3.00—SYNORIX.
3.30—ZOZA.	3.30—CARRIDGE.
4.00—WYFAIRER.	4.30—SURCOT.
4.30—ALDERSEY.	

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY. CARRIDGE AND ALDERSEY.

saddle is much fancied. So is Papyrus, and there are decided speculations about the latter-point winner Star Chamlier 1 prior Friar.

Aldersey also carries the Duke of Westminster's colours in the Handicap, with distinct hopes of success. Pretty Dick, who likes the course, may be dangerous, but I think the top weight will prove successful.

Surcoat, who finished just in front of Aldersey when the pair were beaten by Sycron at Newbury, has gone to Stockton for the Harbottle Handicap, and in spite of his big weight will most likely prove too good for the Northerners.

Cheleghou, although nicely "in" on his Babington Stakes running, misses the Stockton Handicap and gives Carbridge an excellent chance of attaining his defeat at Newbury. Quip is expected to run well and so is the Middleham-trained Dancer.

BOUVIERIE.

TO-DAY'S SANDOWN CARD.

2.30—WALTON T.Y.O. (S).	PLATE. 200 yds. 5f.
Love-Oil 1	S. Darling 8
Burst Almond 1	Ward 7
Dusky Belle 1	Cottrell 7
Alone arrived.	
Lady Grosvenor 1	Adler 10
Turkey Trot 1	Taber 10
Argent 1	Taber 10
Molon 1	Adler 10
2.30—TUDOR STAKE. 400 yds.	
Star Chamlier 1	J. Jarvis 10
Hellstar 1	Platt 9
Racing Boy 1	Clifford 9
Carbano 1	D. Waugh 9
Vandroug 1	Clifford 9
Greek Bachelor 1	Gilpin 9
Tramway 1	Clifford 9
Frank 1	W. Waugh 9
Fazendon Bridge 1	Clifford 9
Alone arrived.	
Drapan 1	D. Waugh 9
Legend 1	O. Bell 9
Kilburn 1	McColl 9
Sam's Way 1	C. March 9

3.30—STUD PRODUCE STAKES. 21 cwt., with 200 added.

Phalaris 1	Red-Torch 10
Quentin Durward 1	Gilpin 10
La Graciosa 1	Clifford 10
Stratford 1	D. Waugh 10
Arrow 1	R. Day 10
Who Goes Home 1	C. March 10
Bright Knight 1	Adler 10
R.A. 1	R. Day 10
Grand Knight 1	Clifford 10
Collier 1	Clifford 10
Wanda Bird 1	Morton 10
Heds 1	Cottrell 10
Sedane 1	R. Day 10

SPECIAL NEWMARKET WIRE.

2.0—TELEPATHY.	2.0—MARK SABBRE.
2.30—LOVE OIL F.	2.30—CHORR.
3.00—TR. 10.	3.00—CARRIDGE.
3.30—LA BERGERON.	4.30—SURCOT.

4.30—REVIVAL.

4.30—FIRST MAGIC.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS.

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

Poststar, who won at Epsom on Tuesday, is to go to India.

Desolation, who was favourite at 5 to 2 for the Juvenile Selling Plate at Sandown and scored from Critical by a length and a half.

R. A. Jones steered his twelfth winner of the season when successful on Boscombe in the Easter Cup. Remunerative odds of 10 to 1 were laid against the winner, who beat Roger de Bully by a head.

Elliott put in a fine piece of riding to land an 8 to 1 chance on Paxton at Sandown yesterday. The horse, who was a barrier was raised, but in the end Elliott snatched a sensational victory.

Ernest Piggett, the trainer of Dry Trust for the City and Suburban, won the Grand National at Liverpool on Jerry M. and Poethlyn, and also won the "substitute" race at Gatwick on Poethlyn.

4 to 1 against you

Statistics show that the chances are four to one you will contract Pyorrhea after you pass the age of forty, unless you take proper precautions.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums. It keeps teeth and gums in a clean, healthy condition.

Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

On send 2/6 for long-lasting tube to T.H.O. Gilchrist & Co., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.



FORHAN'S FOR THE GUMS

Brush your teeth with it

HOW TO TREAT ALL URIC ACID KIDNEY & LIVER POISONS

URIC ACID DANGER

Medical Men decide saltrated water is the quickest permanent remedy for organic disorders causing rheumatism, Bright's Disease, stomach trouble, etc.

By ALICE LANDLEES (Certified Nurse).

Clogged, sluggish and congested liver, kidneys or intestines, with the attendant rheumatism, languor, biliousness, defective vision, catarrh, indigestion and impure blood, should never be neglected. They mean constipation, "the beginning of all disease," for dangerous toxins are then being constantly absorbed straight into the blood, although sufferers seldom even suspect the real cause of all their troubles. Powerful mixtures and drugs like calomel (mercury) may irritate the liver to convulsive action, but do not stop adherence to walls of the intestines nor cleanse and strengthen the delicate network of secretory ducts and absorbent glands.

For this latter purpose doctors agree there is no solvent, cleansing and blood-purifying agent equal to the deposits of certain natural medicinal waters. These deposits are obtainable at slight cost from any chemist as pure refined Alkies Saltrates. Take before breakfast a level teaspoonful of this pleasant-tasting compound in a half-tumbler of water, and notice how all symptoms of rheumatic or other body poisons vanish within two or three days, and you begin to enjoy life as Nature intended. Mental effort and concentration become easy again, hard work a pleasure and any pain or constant tired feeling will disappear. Even gall-stone or other painful concretions of sharp uric acid crystals and impure mineral salts may thus be eliminated. Avoid all strong cathartic pills, patent medicines, lowering salts, drugs or highly alcoholic stimulants; eat moderately and drink occasionally a little saltrated water—Nature's own blood clarifier, uric acid solvent and eliminant of all impurities—then you need never fear a recurrence.—A.E.



HOW LONDON WAITED FOR THE ROYAL PROCESSION OBLIVIOUS OF RAIN



This merry couple found paper hat-covers very useful during the early morning rain.



The all-night wait—sleeping the hours away in the shelter of the Home Office doorway.



A little family island in the great sea of people at Whitehall, and the gamp was big enough for all of them.



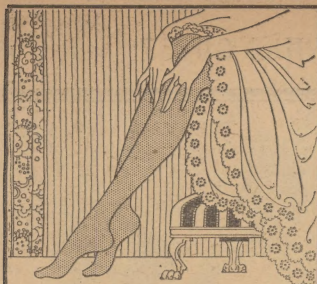
The bride's beautiful bouquet of white roses and white heather.



About 8 a.m. a hot cup of tea was very welcome—and heartening for the tedious hours still to be passed.



A 7 a.m. snapshot in Whitehall—typical of London's eagerness to see the royal wedding procession yesterday. Several hundred people gathered during the early hours, and were utterly indifferent either to the steady rain or to the tedium or the long waiting. They felt well rewarded by a glimpse of the lovely bride.



Buy Reliable Stockings

There is no need for you to buy your stockings by chance. By asking for **St. Margaret Hosiery** you can be as sure of quality and satisfaction as you can of sunrise and sunset. You will find the prices right. Experience of its quality will make you a regular purchaser of **St. Margaret Hose** for all your family.

St. Margaret HOSIERY

St. Margaret Hose is made in a beautiful range of Real Silk, Artificial Silk, Lisle and Pure Wool, and every stocking is of sterling value. Look for the name St. Margaret.

If any difficulty in obtaining St. Margaret Hose write to the Advertising Dept. ST. MARGARET'S WORKS, LEICESTER.

ASK FOR



IN DAINTY LOUIS HEEL STYLES, BECTIVE, NORTHAMPTON.

"TIZ" puts new life in Aching, Tired Feet



The very first application of TIZ brings relief and comfort to those aching, tender, swollen, perspiring feet. Away go all aches and pains, corns, bunions and chafing. TIZ gently draws out through the skin pores all the acid and poisons which make the feet swell, throb and ache. No more agonising torture—your shoes will feel easy and comfortable. In a few minutes you can walk, run or dance with perfect ease and freedom. Don't suffer another minute when you can get certain relief and cure so easy, quick and cheap.

Ask your chemist for the genuine 1/3 size TIZ, the only foot remedy in the yellow box bearing the Government medicine stamp and signature of W. L. DODGE, Ltd., Barnes, S.W.13.

"green label" chutney
INDIAN MANGO

101 NOVEL USES
Truly no ordinary pickle.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR FIVE RECIPES

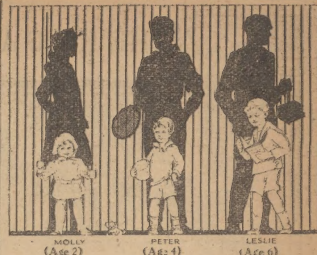
Say what you know about FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD



Pupils (altogether)—

IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD

Foster Clark's Cream Custard used with Rhubarb makes an ideal dish. Its delightful creaminess softens the tartness of the fruit and makes a healthy, tasty dish, loved by the kiddies and appreciated by all. Sold in Family Tins 1 1/2 d.; Pkts. 9 1/2 d.; Small Pkts. 4d., 1 1/2 d., & 1d.



AT
16 YEARS OF AGE
Molly will have £50
Peter will have £41
Leslie will have £32

if each saves 1/- a week and invests in SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.

SIXTEEN is the age when the children's needs will make the heaviest demands on the family income. Extended education—apprenticeship—special outfits—books; you will deny them none of these things if the money is there.

You can make sure of the money by starting to save now and buying Savings Certificates in the children's names.

Savings CERTIFICATES

Obtainable through a Savings Association or from any Bank or Money Order Post Office.



To those suffering from Boils, Abscesses, Writhe, Carbuncles, Piles, Eczema, Poisoned Wounds, or any skin Disease, Eczema, Itchworm, etc., there is Nature's remedy in

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

It brings all the morbid matter to the surface, and heals from underneath—not closing up to break out again. For that reason, it is the remedy for Head Lice, Varicose Ulcers, etc. Invaluable as a genuine household remedy for Cuts, Burns, Stings, etc. 1/- all Chemists, from 1/3, 2/-, 5/-, etc. E. BURGESS, 29, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1



YOU who take a pride in your nails need "SWANDALE"—the perfect nail enamel. Give it a trial, and if after 4 days' use, you are not entirely satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money in full.

Swandale

Obtainable in two tins—Natural and Rose. Packed in neat container with brush complete. Price 1/3. Send your postal order together with the name and address of your nearest Chemist. J. R. DUGDALE & CO., 29, Regent St., London, W.1. Trade enquiries invited.



Do as the best cooks do!

To thicken soups and sauces use a little cornflour instead of ordinary flour and the best results will surely follow.

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

adds "body," whilst giving richness, delicate smoothness, and a most agreeable nutty flavour.



RONUK NURSERY RHYMES



Polly put the RONUK on.
And then we shall see
The furniture all bright and clean.
And shining brilliantly.
Nought can take its shine away.
If, every now and then,
A little rub with RONUK
Is given it again.

RONUK FURNITURE CREAM

THE RONUK ZOO BOOK

A WONDER BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE ANIMALS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS

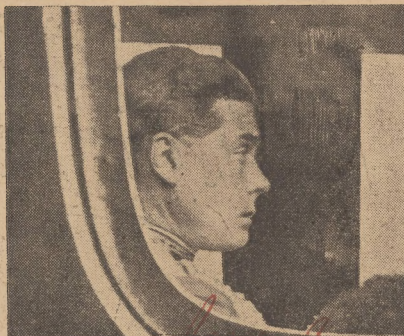
To obtain a copy, send one of the parchment slips found inside a 10d. or larger tin of Ronuk Floor Polish, or the large label from a Ronuk Furniture Cream bottle or jar, together with your name and address and a 1/4d. stamp for return postage (inland only) to:

RONUK, Ltd., Dept. D.R. PORTSLADE, SUSSEX.

THE KING AND QUEEN'S STATE PROGRESS AND DISTINGUISHED GUESTS



Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain were among the great throng of distinguished persons who were invited to the ceremony.



The Prince of Wales, who was one of his brother's "best men," leaving the Abbey.



The King and Queen in their state carriage leaving Westminster Abbey.



Lieut.-Commander W. Dudley Ward, R.N.V.R., M.P., a former Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, arriving with Mrs. Dudley Ward at Westminster Abbey.

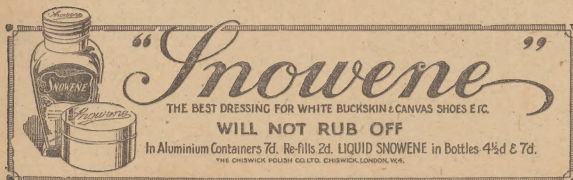


Mistress: "It's nice to see the place so fresh and bright again. A good Spring Clean is well worth the trouble."
Maid: "Yes, Ma'am—and it's not the bother it used to be. Mansion Polish is such a great help."

MANSION POLISH

quickly gives a beautiful mirror-like surface to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum

SOLD IN TINS: 4d., 7½d., 1/- and 1/9.



MAYPOLE BUTTER

The World's Best
Reduced to **1/8** a lb.

Choicest Dairy Butter
Reduced to **1/6** a lb.



different!

Some margarines contain a mere suggestion of butter—others none at all—but MAYCO MARGARINE contains the largest quantity of butter allowed by law.

BRITISH - MADE

mayco margarine **9d.** A LB.

Mixed with MAYPOLE BUTTER

Butter's creamy flavour and nourishment.

MAYPOLE MARGARINE—Best Pure 6d. A LB.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO., LTD. Over 940 Branches.

Be Careful What You Wash Your Hair With

Soap should be used very carefully. If you want to keep your hair looking at its best. Many soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders, contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it. The best thing for steady use is Mulshed coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.



PAULINE FREDERICK
"Queen of the Cinema"
"Secret of Her Beautiful Hair."

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulshed in a cup with a little tepid water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub the Mulshed in. It makes an abundance of rich creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

Pauline Frederick, now appearing in "Two Kinds of Women," says "The refreshing and stimulating after-effects are a delightful and indescribable. You can get Mulshed coconut oil shampoo from any chemist—it is inexpensive, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months. Be sure your chemist gives you Mulshed. Beware of imitations—look for the name Watkins on the package." (Advt.)

BARGAINS IN BABY CARRIAGES



Having on hand a quantity of new late-1 Model Baby Carriages, being the balance of a large contract, all by British Makers, we are offering these at greatly reduced prices to clear.

6 GUINEA MODELS FOR (12 Monthly Payments of 8/6) **£3:12:6**
12 GUINEA MODEL-DE-LUXE (12 Monthly Payments of 15/-) **£6:17:6**
20 GUINEA LIMOUSINE-DE-LUXE (12 Monthly Payments of 25/6) **£11:11:0**

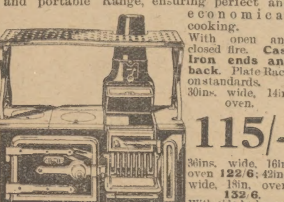
Numerous other Models at similar reductions. Send postcard for handsome illustrated List, stating if Easy Terms required. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED
H. FOORD & CO. Dept. P.R.2
11, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.
Phone: Victoria 4910

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

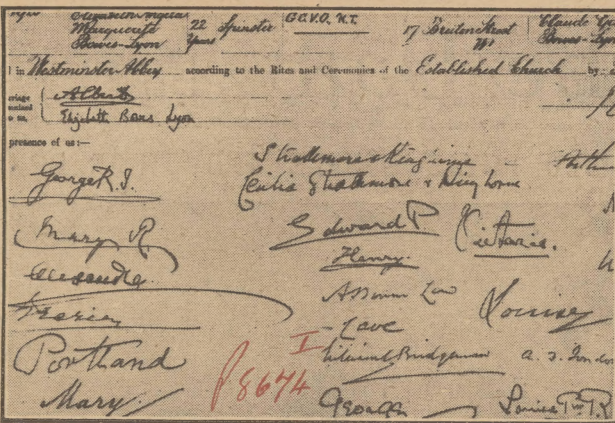
Soap, Ointment, Talcum, sold everywhere.
British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, E.C.3.

TUCK-MORE PORTABLE RANGE

Married happiness has a good store as its foundation. An extremely moderate priced space-saving and portable Range, ensuring perfect and economical cooking.



With oven and back. Plate Rack on standard. 30ins. wide, 14in. oven. **115/-**
30ins. wide, 12ins. oven 122/6; 42ins. wide, 18in. oven, 132/6
With side boiler and brass tap, 140/- extra. Fitting free. Carriage paid except in Ireland.
Hundred sold—not a single complaint.
No Fixing Required.
TUCK & BLAKEMORE, Ltd.
COVENTRY.



The marriage certificate of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

BRIDE'S HAPPY SMILE AFTER ABBEY CEREMONY. Wedding Day Music That Expressed Her Own Joy. DAZZLING SCENES.

(Continued from cols. 1 and 2, page 3.)
Sacrament. Their robes are of the right ecclesiastical magnificence.
Then comes the procession of the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra and the Royal Family. It includes Princess Christian, Princess Victoria, the Princess Royal and Princess Mary; and one notes, as a right feature of the ceremony, that Viscount Lascelles, though not a Royal Highness, walks beside Princess Mary, in her place in the procession, immediately before the King and Queen.
Led by gentlemen-at-arms, in their dazzling scarlet uniforms and dancing plumes, this procession is, of course, the most impressive.
Those of the bridegroom and the bride are, as is natural, more modest; but the bride's procession has its special charm, because as she and her bridesmaids are passing, we hear the choir, for the first time, sing, "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us"—a hymn which the King himself, it is said, better hymn, of far more sustained merit than "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden."
The service begins. It is the ordinary wedding service, with some slight amendments introduced in deference to modern views; but it will be observed that the amendment did not include the elision of the word "obey."
The promise to "obey," as well as to cherish and love, was duly given; and after the ring had been put on the bride's finger, and the right hands of bride and bridegroom had been joined, and prayers had been said, and the 67th Psalm sung, the Archbishop of York delivered his allocution.
He spoke, as everyone knew that he would be sure to speak, with dignity and tact. He bade bride and bridegroom consecrate their lives to achieve the greatest joy of matrimony. Having given them that exhortation, he wished them good luck in the name of the Lord.
Even as he spoke the words, an auspicious thing happened. The sun, which had been out all day, began to rain. Not a face of the clouds, won its triumph over them and shone gloriously through the stained glass windows of the Abbey.

THE RADIANT BRIDE.

More music, more prayers and the singing of the National Anthem followed. Those who had to sign the register withdrew. While they were absent signing it Dr. Sydney H. Nicholson's anthem, "Beloved, Let Us Love One Another," was sung.
On the return, the procession of the bride and bridegroom led the processions which left the Abbey; and that, for most of us, was our first opportunity of really seeing the bride's face. A very happy face it was. Not a face of the classic beauty which is so often cold and characterless, but a face lit up by the gleam of vivid and sympathetic personality.
We saw her smile, too—and that just at the right moment. She had been expecting something. Perhaps there had been an instant's delay. But then it came; the exultant clamour of the wedding march into which Mendelssohn put all the joy that he had ever known of the heads imagine—not the suppressed joy of those who rejoice alone, but the joy which is avowed, straightforward, unabashed and overwhelming. Her face lit up as she told us all that now at last her cup of happiness was overflowing.
That was the end. The guests followed the bridal parties out into the streets of Westminster, saw the scarlet capes and waving plumes of the Life Guard escorts over the heads of the crowd, and could hardly hear the pealing of the bells for the cheers of the people or the cheers of the people for the pealing of the bells.

FIFNELLA'S BRIDE. Triumph of a Simple Wedding Dress with Wide Train. TIPS FOR FUTURE WIVES.

In no place was there a happier holiday yesterday than in the scented atmosphere and gorgeous setting of *The Daily Mirror* International Fashion Fair at Holland Park Hall.
Everywhere people were saying, "Only two more days! What a pity!"
Choriat's wedding dress, distinguished by the original wide tulle train with its silver tissue streamers and its real simplicity, was a great triumph.
Fifnella's pearl-strewn bride was followed by a tiny bridesmaid in pale pink and four bridesmaids in green, with pink-trimmed hats and bouquets of pink carnations, and the stage was occupied by wedding guests in lovely frocks.
The Marchioness Townsend will open the Dress Parade to-day at three, and the small Marquis Townsend and Lady Elizabeth will be with her.
The Duchess of Sutherland is bringing a party to-morrow and will open the three o'clock parade, at which the great French houses will show practically every frock they brought to London.
Free gifts are being showered on visitors during to-day and to-morrow. Seat-holders at the twelve o'clock parade will each receive a song or piece of music from the Song Society exhibit. At three o'clock seat-holders will receive a Purcell hot plate mat. At 5.15 jars of Patti Rose cream, which used to be specially made for Mme. Patti, will be given away by Mme. Scott Rowland.
The brides of to-morrow learned a great deal about house decoration and its possibilities from the stands yesterday.
The charms of black and bright blue relieved with primrose and designed by the well-known artist, Miss Lillah Golden, were shown.
The delights of pale primrose walls with panels containing tall orange tiger lilies, which makes a setting for the yellow scents and scents of Mosses, Cleaver, was another feature.
If there were people who had not realised how pure colour creates an atmosphere of spontaneous gaiety, they must have done so when they saw the stalls of the various craftsmen who have their painted china, enamelled wood and powder, lovely lacquer and gorgeously dyed leather.
The thought that in two days the loveliest of dress shows ever conceived would be over made people linger yesterday.
Messrs. Dearborn will to-day present a number of their patent Ambedia backpuffs and special beauty preparations, the winners of weathered skin at the nine o'clock parade, hold certain numbers.

GERANIUM DAY.

Famous Actresses to Sell Little Emblems for London's Blind.
To-day is Geranium Day, and in aid of the blind attractive little emblems in the form of geraniums will be on sale in the streets all over London.
The blind population of Greater London amounts to over 7,000.
Among the sellers to-day will be the Countess of Clancarty, the Baroness de Alencourt, Lady Herbert, Miss Faith Collis, Miss Phyllis Titmus and Miss Jose Collins.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By our City Editor.
Markets showed a good tone, with investment stocks particularly buoyant. The 2½ per cent. group to 101 5/16, Victoria to 94 1/2, and Funding attained 93 1/2 and Consols 92 1/2. War Loan was quoted 101 1/2. Marks remained around 135.000, 140.000, 141.000. In industrial stocks were generally lower, Courtauld and 72 1/2, 73 1/2, 74 1/2, 75 1/2, 76 1/2, 77 1/2, 78 1/2, 79 1/2, 80 1/2, 81 1/2, 82 1/2, 83 1/2, 84 1/2, 85 1/2, 86 1/2, 87 1/2, 88 1/2, 89 1/2, 90 1/2, 91 1/2, 92 1/2, 93 1/2, 94 1/2, 95 1/2, 96 1/2, 97 1/2, 98 1/2, 99 1/2, 100 1/2, 101 1/2, 102 1/2, 103 1/2, 104 1/2, 105 1/2, 106 1/2, 107 1/2, 108 1/2, 109 1/2, 110 1/2, 111 1/2, 112 1/2, 113 1/2, 114 1/2, 115 1/2, 116 1/2, 117 1/2, 118 1/2, 119 1/2, 120 1/2, 121 1/2, 122 1/2, 123 1/2, 124 1/2, 125 1/2, 126 1/2, 127 1/2, 128 1/2, 129 1/2, 130 1/2, 131 1/2, 132 1/2, 133 1/2, 134 1/2, 135 1/2, 136 1/2, 137 1/2, 138 1/2, 139 1/2, 140 1/2, 141 1/2, 142 1/2, 143 1/2, 144 1/2, 145 1/2, 146 1/2, 147 1/2, 148 1/2, 149 1/2, 150 1/2, 151 1/2, 152 1/2, 153 1/2, 154 1/2, 155 1/2, 156 1/2, 157 1/2, 158 1/2, 159 1/2, 160 1/2, 161 1/2, 162 1/2, 163 1/2, 164 1/2, 165 1/2, 166 1/2, 167 1/2, 168 1/2, 169 1/2, 170 1/2, 171 1/2, 172 1/2, 173 1/2, 174 1/2, 175 1/2, 176 1/2, 177 1/2, 178 1/2, 179 1/2, 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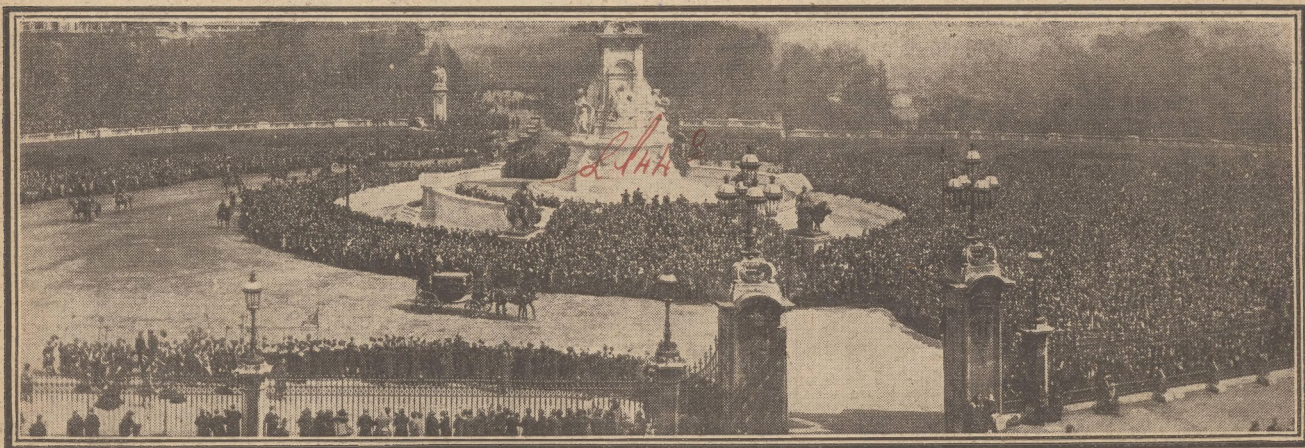
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NEWLY WEDDED ROYAL COUPLE AND THEIR BRIDAL RETINUE



The royal pair and the bridesmaids. Left to right, standing, Lady Mary Cambridge, the Duchess of York, the Duke of York, Lady May Cambridge. Middle row, the Hon. Dia-

mond Hardinge, Lady Katharine Hamilton, Lady Mary Thynne and Miss Betty Cator. In front, the Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone and the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon.



The tremendous crowd that assembled outside Buckingham Palace to see the royal wedded couple return from the Abbey ceremony.

All London was in the streets yesterday to see the wedding processions of the Duke and Duchess of York. People even waited all night in Whitehall doorways, and in spite of

the steady rain in the morning several hundreds were there at an early hour. The loveliness of the bride rewarded their vigil.